

The TATLER

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Oct. 12, 1932



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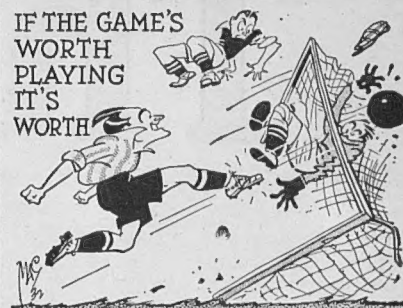
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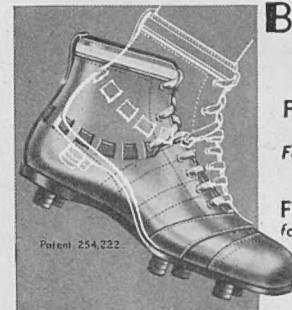
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The TATLER

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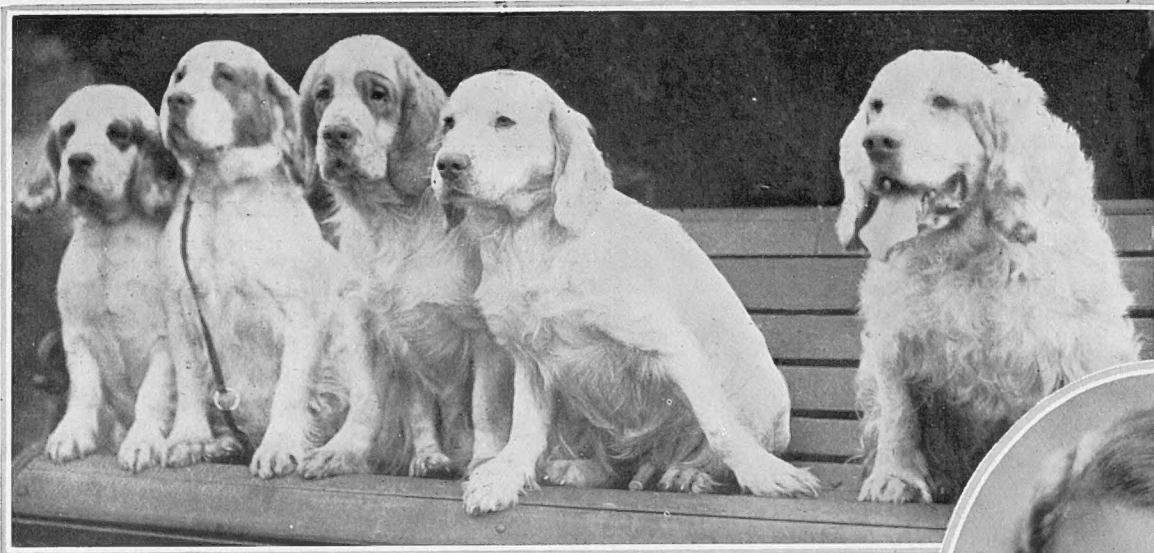


Photographs by Jaeger

H.R.H. PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN

These portraits of the daughter of H.R.H. the Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden and the late Crown Princess arrived in London by air mail. The marriage of the eldest son of the Crown Prince (Prince Gustaf Adolf) to the Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will take place in Coburg on October 20. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. Prince George, it is anticipated, will be present





CLUMBERS FORWARD! AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

The Kennel Club Show this year has been a bumper success, and there were 2,524 entries, a number that has been exceeded only once. The number of entries shows an increase of 140 on last year. Cockers still hold the top place for numbers (334), but this group of Clumbers take a bit of beating for beauty

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—I suppose there is only one thought in everybody's mind to-day, and that is what will be first, second, and third in the Cesarewitch at Newmarket. For even if only half the population has bought tickets in the Irish Sweep, neither the most cautious nor the most scrupulous have had any reason to refrain from filling up coupons. So the whole country is on to-day. And while we shall be backing Sandwich, Nitsichin, Son of Mint, and Chelmarsh, we shall probably be losing our money, and three rank outsiders will bring fortunes to a few dozen lucky people.

* * *

Talking of luck, an extraordinary thing happened the other day. Two maiden ladies, who had never had a bet in their life, decided that they should try everything once. They opened an account with a well-known West country bookmaker, and made up their minds to send a telegram risking 10s. each way on a horse that looked like starting at long odds. Needless to say the animal duly obliged by getting its head first past the post. That was a tremendous thrill.

But there was more to come. For two mornings later there appeared with their morning egg an envelope containing a cheque for three figures. When the ladies came to from their swoon they re-read the book-maker's code and found that they had wired in pounds instead of shillings! So now, like the baronet of the advertisement, they are "enthusiastic."

* * *

Another enthusiastic person I met last week was Sir Paul Latham, the young, rich, good-looking, and popular member for Whitby. In these depressed days it is good to find people buying places instead of selling them, and he is one among the very few, for he has just bought Hurstmonceaux, that lovely castle in east Sussex, which has been in the market for some time. The living part of the castle is in the middle, and not very large, considering the size of the whole,



LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS AND HER SON MARK

A picture taken in London last week. Lady Rosemary Jeffreys is Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter and married Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, Grenadier Guards, last year. Mr. Jeffreys is a son of Lieut.-General Sir George Jeffreys, who married Lady Cantelupe

THE LETTERS OF EVE



Dorothy Wilding

IN STOCKHOLM: MRS. NOEL CHARLES

A recent portrait of the beautiful wife of the First Secretary to the British Legation in Stockholm. After their visit to H.M. the King of Sweden, T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George were the guests of the British Ambassador, Mr. A. J. K. Kerr-Clark

and the new owner is busy with plans for alterations which will not spoil the character and atmosphere of the place.

Sir Paul, who is a tall young man with fair, wavy hair, is the brother of Lady Edward Hay, who can rarely be mentioned without reference to the fact that she is the only natural platinum blonde in the country. It was only last year that he succeeded his father, and he spent some time in Ceylon with his mother just after his father's death. Few people realize that he has only one leg, for he walks and dances as well as most people, and he is an extremely good shot. He had a terrible accident three or four years ago in Switzerland.

* * *

We seem to be having an unusually large number of American visitors to welcome here this autumn, and many of them have decided to enjoy some good shooting while they are here. So naturally they are to be found in the eastern counties. Mr. David Bruce, who is the son-in-law of the American Ambassador, has rented Bayfield, near Fakenham,

where the West Norfolk has its annual meeting, from Captain Roger Coke. And Mr. Eaton Munn, who is also from the States, has taken part of the Raynham shoot from Lady Townshend. I have rarely seen so many pheasants as I did in Norfolk last weekend, so there is every hope that they will enjoy some good sport.

I found another well-known and wealthy American, Mr. Julian Humphrys, entertaining a large party at Claridges on the night of its special autumn season opening. Miss Gertrude Lawrence was there too, looking her unusually enchanting and intriguing self, in a most becoming deep cream frock with a little brown cape. Commendatore Gelardi, the guardian angel of Claridges, is being lent again to New York this winter, to act in the same capacity at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Coming down Park Street a couple of days ago, I encountered about half a dozen 10 by 10 sq. ft. tin vans standing outside a block of flats. Then Mr. Benny Thaw who, as you know, is one of the First Secretaries at the American Embassy, emerged from the door. He explained that he was in the middle of moving. The tin tanks had just arrived from Paris, where he was en poste before he came to London. He seemed amused, and explained that the workmen, who were doing some of the unpacking, had come across a number of duck decoys, and had placed each one with the greatest care on the mantelpieces and tables, thinking they might be very valuable French antiques! Mr. Thaw is, as a matter of fact, a very good shot, but not in the drawing-room.

I went to the Crystal Palace on the opening day of the Dog Show, and lost and left my heart. This reminds me again of the American Embassy, where no fewer than three dogs arrive every morning,



MISS ANNA MARIA D'ANNUNZIO

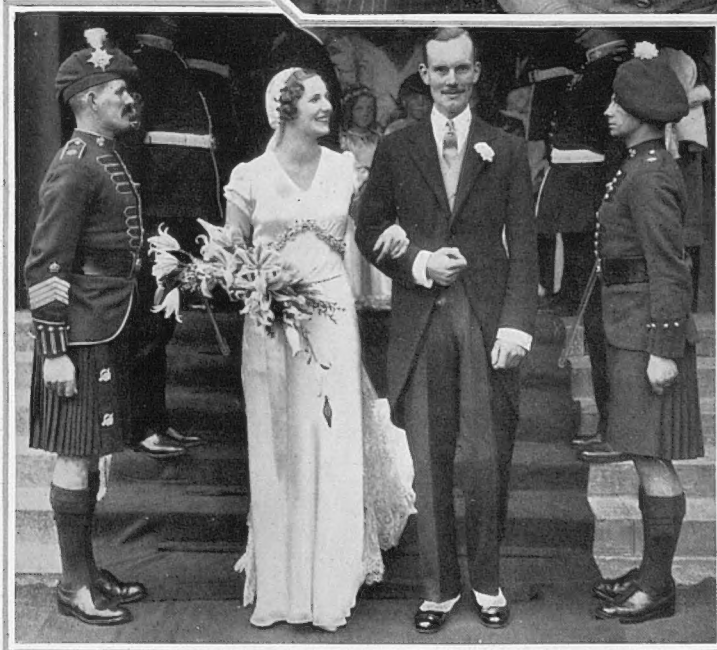
Miss D'Annunzio is a grand-daughter of the famous poet, novelist, and dramatist, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, who was created Prince of Montenevoso in 1924. D'Annunzio served in the Great War and was wounded

tails up, proudly following their masters. One belongs to Mr. Thaw, another to Major Mike Scannon, the Military Air Attaché, the third to Captain Bristol, Naval Attaché, and I understand, a fourth, belonging to Mr. Keith, the Second Secretary, is likely to join the party. The business of lunch is quite complicated, because it has to be a restaurant that welcomes owners and dogs. Very high hat dogs object to being parked in the cloakroom.

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT:
MR. M. LINDSAY AND
MISS JOYCE LINDSAY

The wedding, it is understood, is to take place some time in December. The bridegroom-elect, who is the son of Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Lindsay, was the surveyor attached to the British Arctic Air Route Expedition in 1931, and has just written a book, "Those Greenland Days," which tells of the adventures of the party led by H. G. Watkins, who lost his life last August in Greenland, that went to the rescue of Mr. Augustine Courtauld, marooned in Greenland. The bride-to-be is a daughter of the late Major Lindsay, Royal Scots Greys

were not engaged. I fancy he is still couple-searching.



MARRIED AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL LAST WEEK: MR. AND MRS. G. L. MACKESON

This wedding was an unusually pretty one, and a picturesque touch was lent by the pipers of the Irish Guards—the bridegroom's regiment. The bride was Miss Geraldine Sandbach, a daughter of the late Major-General A. E. Sandbach, a most distinguished Sapper and for some time Military Secretary to the late Lord Curzon during his Indian Viceroyalty. His widow, the Hon. Mrs. Sandbach, is an aunt of Lord Penrhyn and was formerly the Hon. Ina Douglas-Pennant

Now that so many people are becoming air-minded, one wonders just what it is that makes one a good pilot or not. Both boxing and skiing seem to go with flying. There are shining examples in Miss Durell Sale Barker, probably the best ski-er of her sex; Lord Clydesdale, the boxing marquess, and Lord Knebworth, another brilliant ski-er, to prove that. One of these three is contemplating a flight to South Africa at the end of this month. Another, Lord Clydesdale, proposes to fly over Mount Everest some time this year.

(Continued overleaf)
d 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

I have discovered, by the way, an English "flying family" in the making. Captain and Lady Evelyn Patrick and their five weeks' son, David, are only awaiting the arrival of the perfected autogiro. They then intend to give up trains and cars and fly everywhere. Lady Evelyn, who is a sister of Lord Lovelace, has only recently taken to the air. She has her eye on her friends' tennis courts as future landing spots—don't say I haven't warned you.

I found Beaumont Street blocked with cars when I walked down it the other day, the reason being that Mr. Winston Churchill's nursing home is there, and now that he is getting so much better his list of callers amounts to an alarming number. Major Geoffrey Lubbock, who was taken ill at Le Touquet in August, is also recuperating in the same home. Major Lubbock married the second wife of the late Sir Charles Tennant, the founder of the enormous Tennant family. Mrs. Lubbock is one of the pioneers of women's golf. She actually owns the delightful West Hill course, and is a life member of New Zealand, which is particularly pleasant on a windy day.

All the Tennants were "coming to town" last week for Miss Ann Charteris's wedding to Lord O'Neill at St. Margaret's. Lady Oxford and her daughter, Princess Bibesco, came from North Berwick particularly to see Princess Priscilla act as one of the many young bridesmaids. Every branch of the family supplied a bridesmaid, including the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Colquhoun, besides Miss Charteris's own sisters, Miss Laura and Miss Mary-Rose Charteris.

Lady Oxford and her son, needless to say, attended the very interesting performance of Bach's "Art of the Fugue" at the Queen's Hall last week. Most of the real music-lovers turned up there in full force. Lord Moore and Mr. Jack Donaldson had seats in the upper circle. No one is snobbish these days, and everyone is "broke," so the cheaper parts of the hall are often more filled with well-known people than the circle and stalls. Lady Ross, the wife of Professor Sir Denison Ross, the expert on Oriental languages, never misses a good concert, and is herself a very good pianist. In the row behind her I saw Mr. William Murdoch and his wife. Why does he play so little in public these days? Few pianists have his understanding of music. Mr. Tom Mitford and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger were others I noticed talking eagerly in the passage during the interval.

I am afraid we were not a very enthusiastic audience at the first night of *Cold Blood*, though Frances

Day, who takes the part of the blonde American home-wrecker and vamp, acted wonderfully well. Among those I saw in the house were Lady Drogheda, Lady Weigall, Captain Bunny Tattersall and his bride, Mr. Roland, and Lord Inverclyde. After the play we went on to Malmaison, which reopened that night after its redecorations and alterations. Even the shape

of the room is different, and I like the new colour scheme, which is white with the tricolour in relief. I found it more pleasant to look at than the many badly-matched naked backs!

I have good news for the many admirers of Adrienne Allen and her charming and clever young husband, Raymond Massey. They have decided not to return to America, where their success was terrific, but to stay here and rehearse for two London plays. Mr. Massey is going into a Freddie Lonsdale comedy, and Mrs. Massey is just picking one of two plays. They have a delightful house in Wilton Crescent, where they give the best kind of parties.

Miss Rose Bingham, loveliest of all the ex-debs, has joined a dress-making firm and already acquired a most professional manner. She greeted her friends and clients with a charming mixture of friendliness and firmness at the dress show last week,

helping them to make up their minds, writing their selections down in her note-book, and officiating as mannequin, all in the same breath, so to speak.

Miss Sally Lindley, who is dark and vivacious and possessed of good brains, is another most attractive member of the younger set to go into business, for she started a dress shop of her own early this year. She is the daughter of our Ambassador in Tokio, Sir Francis Lindley, and has several sisters, all older than herself. Before going to Tokio, Sir Francis Lindley was Ambassador in Lisbon.

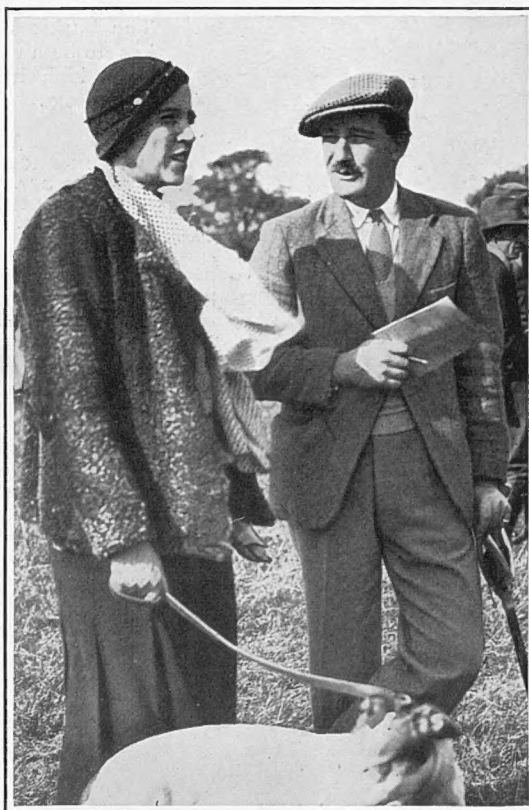
I see that the dramatic section of the International Sportsmen's Club is giving performances of *Raffles* on November 4 and 5 at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. The club, of which the Princess Royal has just become a member, seems to be full of activity, and everyone is taking up squash with tremendous energy.

I looked in at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street for the Army Officers' exhibition. One hardly realizes how much artistic talent some of our soldier men possess. I liked specially two little landscapes by J. C. T. Willis, General Geoffrey White's horses, some attractive scenes in poster style by D. N. Morgan, and J. C. W. Connell's Hammersmith factory. I was not quite sure about C. C. S. Brownlow's horses.—Yours ever, EVE.



THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN AND HER DAUGHTERS

The two daughters in this picture are Lady Elizabeth Lambart, born in 1924, and Lady Joanna Lambart, born in 1929. Lady Cavan was the widow of Captain the Hon. Andrew Mulholland when she married Lord Cavan in 1922, and she has a daughter by her first marriage, Miss Daphne Mulholland. Lord Cavan, who had a very distinguished "war," is a former Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds



AT THE COTSWOLD COURSING MEETING: MRS. H. R. MILLAIS AND COLONEL PRIOLEAU

The first meeting of the season of the Cotswold Coursing Club was held at Larkhill, Tetbury, Gloucester, and everything went extremely well, weather included. Mr. H. R. Millais is a kinsman of Sir Geoffrey Millais, Bart., and is an uncle of the world-famous artist and P.R.A., Sir John Millais

OPEN AIR EVENTS AND LAST WEEK'S WEDDING



COURSING IN THE COTSWOLDS

Mrs. Keith Menzies (left) and Mrs. H. R. Millais with a greyhound a-piece at Larkhill, near Tetbury, where the Cotswold Coursing Club held a meeting last week, the first of the season. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's only sister, who married Major Keith Menzies, Welsh Guards, in 1922, is a great admirer of long dogs and participates with enthusiasm in their various speed trials



MR. AND MRS. A. G. PAWSON IN LUCK IN WALES

Abery



AT MISS ANNE CHARTERIS' WEDDING

Lady Anglesey, her mother, Violet Duchess of Rutland, and Lady Robert Manners were among the many distinguished people present at St. Margaret's, when the Hon. Guy Charteris' eldest daughter married Lord O'Neill. Two of Violet Duchess of Rutland's grandchildren, Lady Ursula Manners and Jeremy Benson, took part in the wedding procession, to which Captain and Lady Mary Strickland (see left) contributed a daughter. Lady Mary Strickland is Miss Anne Charteris' aunt. Lord and Lady Plymouth lent their house in Hyde Park Gardens for the reception, and their daughter, Lady Gillian Windsor-Clive, was also in attendance on her cousin

The Governor of the Upper Nile, Mr. A. G. Pawson, has lately been spending a fishing holiday with his wife at Trycelyn, near Builth Wells, and, judging by this snapshot, having great fun. Of the four salmon shown here, the biggest weighed 24 lb. Below is a photograph taken after the wedding of Lord O'Neill and Miss Anne Charteris, which was solemnized at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Guy Campbell is a cousin of the bridegroom



CAPTAIN AND LADY MARY STRICKLAND



MR. AND MRS. GUY CAMPBELL

THE CINEMA : Oxford Rot

By JAMES AGATE

"A MAN'S reach should exceed his grasp, or what's heaven for?" asked Robert Browning. Presumably this explains why next week at the cinema is always going to be more exciting than this week, the only alternative explanation being that cinema managements exaggerate the attractiveness of their forthcoming picture, which is unthinkable. Now I remember being promised a film which should sear the soul of each and every spectator. It proposed to record the vileness of a volcanic and vertiginous voluptuary, and we were told that at its conclusion we should all leave the theatre with ashen face and mien aghast. Well I went the following week and beheld an audience apathetic and indifferent, waking only to liveliness on being told that next week it would wallow in a welter of woman's wiles. The contrast which, it appears, must always exist between any present film and the film immediately promised was strongly borne in upon me the other afternoon when, in the midst of a tepid entertainment, the Plaza's screen suddenly announced that "Millions now living are Facing the Drama of" next week's picture, which was to be called *Forgotten Commandments* and to be glorified by spectacular episodes from the familiar Cecil B. de Mille epic. (At this point Assyrian horsemen swept the screen.) In the forthcoming picture was announced: Old Beliefs Smashed! Old Rites Ridiculed! New Morals Flaunted! (Here the tribes of Israel, which appeared to consist entirely of horses, were seen to be crossing something one took to be the Red Sea.) Finally, the film was dubbed "A Terrific Thunderbolt of Modern Drama," after which we saw an ordinary young gentleman in ordinary evening dress embracing an ordinary woman in ordinary undress in an ordinary bed-room with an ordinary husband doing the ordinary thing with a revolver. The whole announcement was calculated to make me jump out of my skin with excitement, though I realized that when I saw the thing it would be unlikely that self and epidermis would part company. In plain English these preliminary announcements are too dam silly, and it would be in the best interests of the cinema to stop them since they make disappointment certain.

I was certainly immensely disappointed by *Men of Tomorrow*, the film about life at Oxford, which was doubtless heralded with the usual fanfare. My objections to this film are: first, that it is inaccurate; second, that it throws upon Oxford the wrong kind of discredit; and third, that it is dull. Let me take these objections in order. The film is made from the novel entitled "Young Apollo," by Anthony Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs has probably been at Oxford, which I, alas! have not. It is "directed" by Leontine Sagan, who, I understand, is a German lady from South Africa, and "produced" by Zoltan Korda, who, to judge by the name may be anything from anywhere, whereby I take leave to doubt whether either Director or Producer knows much more about Oxford life than I do. The piece begins with a "rag." Allan Shepherd, an undergraduate who prefers Bach to boating, has his rooms wrecked by a drunken, noisy crew who take his furniture out into the quadrangle and burn it. Now Allan sees in this justification for a violent attack upon Oxford life and manners in a highbrow magazine of which he is the editor. The attack is violent and scurrilous to the

point of libel, and my point of accuracy is whether Allan could in fact be sent down for this, and if so, by whom? The film alleges that the power to do this is with the Senior Proctor, but I doubt very much whether even this important personage can act so drastically without consulting the head of Allan's college. I repeat that I know nothing of Oxford beyond my life-long regret at not having been there, and paying occasional visits to a godson more fortunate. Therefore, for all I know, it may be possible for a Senior Proctor to be head of a college, and, by coincidence, head of Allan's college. Hence, in the matter of accuracy, I shall not go beyond a desire for information as fixed at Rosa Dartle's.

I now come to my second point, which is the discredit thrown upon Oxford. No, reader, I do not mean that little affair of wrecking a man's rooms. It is sufficiently pointed out in the

film that the stones of Oxford are eternal, or at least have enjoyed a five hundred years' instalment of eternity, and that in comparison the passions of very young men are ephemeral, unimportant, and to be excused. My point here is that nobody connected with this film has been at pains to discover exactly what Oxford is for. This is not the place for a dissertation on the advantages of a classical education, but I say firmly that throughout the five hundred years of Oxford's history her aim has been to increase her young men's minds and not their prospects as commercial travellers. Those dreaming spires have been a symbol of all the beauty that lies in the dreamy side of life and aspiration; they have never had anything to do with the seamy side of life and perspiration. In other words, the sweat of Oxford's brow is concerned with learning, and not with earning. It cannot, therefore, be objected that Oxford does not inculcate love of the things which every office boy should know. This film's charge against her is that she teaches her young men to dwell upon such unimportant matters as Greek and Roman culture instead of emulating your Business College, and teaching pupils to be accurate about such important matters as buying, selling, and accounting for, say, Danish bacon. Well, the charge may be justified, and it may be that to-day the world is more concerned with Danish hams than with Hamlet the



HAROLD LLOYD AND CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
IN "MOVIE CRAZY"

London cinema fans are much intrigued about the news that one of the screen's best comedians is now with us on a visit. "Movie Crazy," his latest, began its London career at the Carlton Theatre on October 7

Dane. But whether justifiable or not, the justifiers, in my view, should not be found among the authorities at Oxford, and I am immensely astonished that this film should have received Oxford's sanction to the extent of the facilities afforded to the photographers.

My third and last point is that the film is dull. I do not mind the hero being a fool, though perhaps that fact should be sustained. Well, I take a young man to be a fool who, seeking employment as a reporter on a low-class newspaper, throws a fit of indignation upon being ordered to interview a murderer's mother; if he does not want to do that kind of job he should know better than to apply to that kind of newspaper. The real dullness of this film consists in the fact that the last half of it is exactly like one of those American college films, only without the football, this last half being wholly given up to a brace of love affairs of maximum inanity. Now I do not believe that your undergraduate spends the whole of his time in sentimental preoccupation.

THE RACE GAME AT CHEPSTOW AND FONTWELL PARK



SIR HUGH AND LADY NUGENT
AT THE CHEPSTOW MEETING



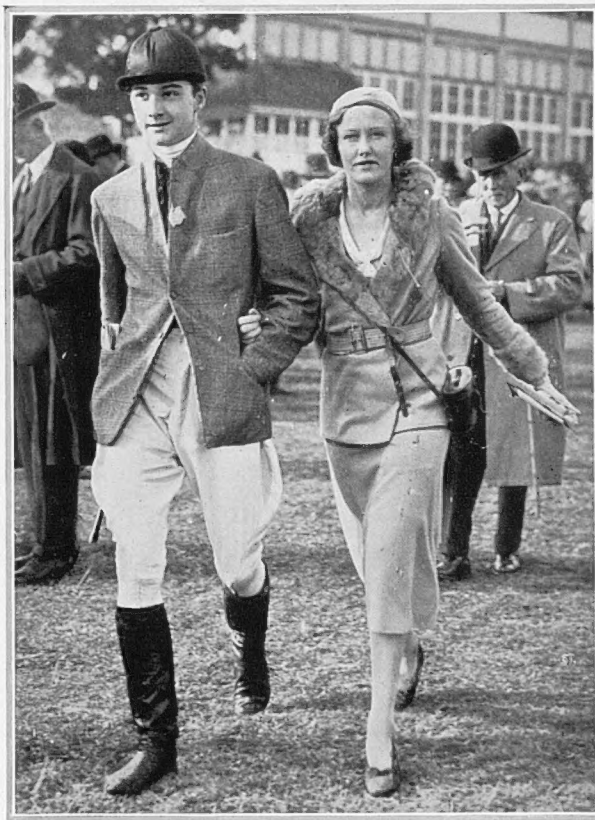
LADY BUTE AND BRIG.-GENERAL HERBERT
GET BUSY WITH CARDS AND PENCILS



ALSO AT CHEPSTOW: BARON
DE RUTZEN AND HIS WIFE



SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON
RODE AT FONTWELL PARK



ANOTHER NOTED G.R.: MR. K. URQUHART
WITH HIS FIANCÉE, MISS RUBY NEVILL



MR. AND LADY BERYL GROVES
AT FONTWELL PARK 'CHASES

Supporters of racing under both codes are represented on this page. The camera quickly discovered Lady Bute at the Chepstow Meeting. Her photographic companion, Brig.-General E. A. Herbert, lives at Moynes Court, and Baron and Baroness de Rutzen, who were married this summer, are Pembrokeshire personalities. Sir Hugh Nugent is a grandson of the late Sir Charles Nugent, and took over the latter's training establishment at Lambourn on his death in 1927. Sir Peter Grant-Lawson was in very good form at Fontwell Park 'Chases, and won the Norfolk Challenge Cup for Captain G. R. Westmacott on Rodmell. Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, who was second on Pure Knight in this event, is to be married to Miss Ruby Nevill on November 3. Mr. F. Groves rode his wife's Revesby in the Earham Novices' Hurdle. Lady Beryl Groves is Lord Clancarty's sister

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

THE all-absorbing subject the morning these notes appear will be the Cesarewitch run that afternoon. It is far harder to make a selection this year than last as practically every horse with any pretensions to class has gone out of the race with the exception of Sandwich, Sigiri, and Gainslaw, and at the moment of writing the last two are extremely doubtful starters. Nitsichin has Irish classic form, and would have won the Newbury Cup had she not hung at the finish and raced with her head on one side, and for this reason I don't like her. The bottom weights in this race seldom come up for the obvious reason that a light-weight jockey has too much to do to get a big horse out at the end of 2½ miles, and they must be left out of calculations though they do sometimes cause an upset. Son of Mint needs the going as hard as a brick, and he may not get it. He is only mediocre class, but genuine, and in a bad year might bring it off. On the Doncaster Cup running there is no reason for Nitsichin beating Sandwich, but on the Newbury Cup form I think she would. In a race that will probably be won by some lightly-weighted ex-plater, and enrich the ring beyond the dreams of avarice, I put Gainslaw as the winner should he run. Should he not, then I put Nitsichin, Sandwich, and Son o' Mint in that order without any great confidence.

The 2-mile race at Nottingham is seldom much of a guide to the Cesarewitch, but Nottingham as a meeting has been improved out of all recognition, and the hospitality of the stewards' lunch room is beyond all praise. There is no doubt that the idea of the fortune the Tote would bring them has made executives look to the amenities of their tracks, and even if it has cost them a lot of money it has made racing a great deal more comfortable for us. The Cambridgeshire is always the hardest race of the year to win, and in most cases the most difficult proposition for winner finding. So few horses really get the distance of the Cesarewitch that you have a chance of finding the winner, but most of the Cambridgeshire horses can get a mile and a furlong. The race is run at the most break-neck speed, and is as often as not won by a class three-year-old. These back-end handicaps are not usually the races to make money at, but the long ante-post prices tempt everyone to have a flutter on the double, which generally goes down.

This practically invariable procedure leads people to say to me almost daily, "It's impossible to make money backing horses," but they seldom go racing, and their gambling urge finds an outlet in trying to back the winner of all the most impossible handicaps of the year, generally on the strength of a newspaper tip which the writer, who has got to select something, would not dream of risking his own money on. There is, without any shadow of doubt, a large racecourse fraternity who, year in year out, make a good living at it, but it is not just a question of luck, as the man in the street may think, but a combination of judgment, experience, and mathematical facts. In a game of roulette the odds are slightly in favour of the table, so that if you play long enough you will lose. Were the odds slightly in favour of the player the tables would

be swamped and fortunes made in a day by everyone. Similarly in racing. In betting with the Tote the "rake off" balances the mathematical odds against the backer, while the official starting price is calculated in every circumstance to allow a percentage in favour of the book-maker; it's what they are there for. The astute backer who as a general rule gets 4 to 1 about what is returned at 3 to 1 has a margin of 25 per cent. in his favour mathematically, and in consequence, over a period,

beats the book. On his judgment he backs the even money chance which should, in his opinion, be 3 to 1 on, but he doesn't bet at even money on an animal he considers has not an even money chance or better. Being on the spot he has the advantage over the stay-at-home backer of knowing the odds he is getting, and how much he must invest to save on the possible danger or dangers. What prevents the majority from making a fortune is that awful rail suction which makes one bet too often, abandoning their judgment for that of other people, and in some cases betting so big that the weak market of the present day is swamped, and in consequence having to accept odds which don't represent the chance.

Strangely enough, the majority of people have great faith in making money on the Stock Exchange. Blindly they accept the advice of their broker, who is only going on his own judgment of the signs and portents of the market and who, despite the fact of his inside knowledge and immunity from paying brokerage, works from 9.30 a.m. till 5 p.m. and in general doesn't claim to have got anything at it for himself. As it has been remarked before, those who have a real win racing generally lose it on 'Change, and those who earn money on 'Change as a rule pour it over the rails if they take to racing. Anyway, whether one wins or loses on the year the purple patches, as Victoria Cross calls them, when one does have a touch, obliterate all those drab losing weeks, and one must bet.

The report of the Betting and Gambling Commission makes, in parts, very interesting reading, and it is proved up to the hilt that gambling in some form or another is almost as inherent an instinct as hunger or the mother love one sees represented so mawkishly on the films. It is a common expression, "He would bet on flies walking up the window," but I was once had for a mug by drops running down the window. It was boxing over to a meet from Atherstone to Broughton Astley and one of the finest amateur riders of the day who betted in "monkeys" on a very slender income was in our crowded carriage with a good fog all over the window.

This worthy, by rubbing six spots on the window, caused six drops of moisture to run slowly down the pane, and he laid 5 to 1 the field. It was only when he had won the price of his ticket, his horse-box, and his "cap" we discovered that by licking his finger before making one of the spots, he had one with 10 lb. in hand running for the book.

A word must be said for the new timing apparatus, an innovation which has been in use abroad for some time. Personally I am not inclined to take much notice of times, there are too many factors of going—wind, atmosphere, and different courses—to allow for, but there are many who do, and by this new mechanical method they will, at any rate, get consistent timing on which to base their calculations.



CAPTAIN RILEY LORD

An impression of the very well known owner, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, who is a Yorkshireman and a familiar figure with the Zetland

SPORTING DAYS

With Fish, Hounds,
and Horses

THE PLAY'S THE THING

Above: Major Trevor Horn into a good trout during a final day's fishing last month on his beat of the river Avon. Mrs. Horn is patiently waiting the psychological moment for using the landing net. Major Horn and his wife leave shortly for that fisherman's paradise, New Zealand. The snapshot below presents two of the many South Notts personalities who went racing at their county town last week. Mr. Filmer-Sankey has a Joint Master this season in the person of Mr. S. Shepherd

Dennis Moss



LADY ESSEX

Truman Howell

The wife of the Master of the Llangibby at last week's cub-hunting meet at Beech Hill. Lord Essex is now entering on his second season of Mastership in South Wales, and everything points to sport being good

THE HON. MRS. PRETYMAN
AND MRS. JOHN PLAYER

Another snapshot from Nottingham races where several Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire candidates were engaged. The Hon. Mrs. Pretyman, who married Lady Beatrice Pretyman's only son in July, was formerly the Hon. Camilla Gurdon, and is Lord and Lady Cranworth's elder daughter. She was hunting in Leicestershire last season, and is a great friend of the "Donnie" Players, the popular occupants of Little Belvoir. Mr. Carr, as all followers of cricket know, captains the Nottinghamshire XI, which finished fourth to Yorkshire in the County Championship, seven points behind Kent. Notts won thirteen matches and lost four



MRS. JAMES SEELY AND MR. FILMER-SANKEY, M.F.H., AT NOTTINGHAM RACES



MR. A. W. CARR AND MRS. PIDCOCK

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING

Two Fascinating Books.

I HAVE just finished reading two books of fascinating interest. One is "The Wife of Rossetti: Her Life and Death" (The Bodley Head. 18s.), by Miss Violet Hunt; the other, the last volume of "Prince von Bülow's Memoirs, 1849-1897" (Putnam. 25s.). And yet, strangely though the confession may sound, I believed only half of what I read in either book! Nevertheless, this doubtful half in each is every bit as interesting as the more veracious aspect. For it reveals not the truth as the writer asserts or assumes, but an extraordinary interesting revelation into the personality of the author. Just as, in so many people, their pretentiousness is often as subtly revealing as their honesty: Von Bülow, for example, often writes suspiciously wisely after events, though he "dates" that wisdom long before the events occurred. His venom, too, is as revealing of himself as his more honest purposes. His memoirs, it must be confessed, however, often strike one as being a dagger-thrust from the grave, since he wrote them when an old man, and stipulated that they should be published immediately after his death—before the world had forgotten his opponents or lost vital interest in himself. Quite often his assertions are palpably false, but the reasons which inspired them are not without psychological value. On the other hand, he played an important part in the political drama of Europe for many years, and his knowledge of the diplomatic world was almost unique. The present volume, although the last, in reality covers the writer's earlier years. It was also written by him late in life. Which means that a great deal of it is sheer "pose." For he saw past things not as they actually were, but as they appeared to him to be as he looked back upon them. This, tinged by the wonder of his own self-importance, often over-colours the truth. Nevertheless, when he ceases from posing he writes very well indeed. Few statesmen, moreover, had a more interesting life story to tell. His earlier memories centre around Frankfurt in the eighteen-fifties, where his father represented the King of Denmark in the Federal Diet. As a little boy he was often taken to the neighbouring castle of Rumpenheim, where he played with Alexandra and Marie, the young daughters of Prince Christian of Glucksburg. Even as little girls, we read, their characters reflected their careers. Alexandra, pretty, gentle, affectionate; Marie, self-willed, domineering; not so fascinating, perhaps, but more intellectually minded. Follows the years of his youth, when he entered the army at the end of the Franco-German War; after which his father made him send in his resignation in order that he might pass his examinations. He acquired legal experience in the Reichsland by defending and winning the acquittal of a Bavarian accused of the murder

of a Lorraine farmer from a French jury, in a speech delivered entirely in French. After this, his father brought him back to Berlin, and he entered the Foreign Office. After a year of this young Bülow was sent to Rome as an attaché and, except for one exception, was not home again until he became Secretary of State. On the Diplomatic Corps in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Athens, Paris, Bucharest, and finally Rome, his description of life in the various capitals is among the most maliciously entertaining in the whole book. Every bit of scandal and gossip serves his purpose. Nevertheless, one thing definitely emerges, and this is a marvellous picture of the dead-and-gone nineteenth century world as people moving in the higher social circles

knew it in those days. Von Bülow met everybody, went everywhere, and sums up people and things in this volume with that same keen eye on their shortcomings which made the previous volumes of his memoirs so uncomfortably disconcerting to many people, but so thrilling to most. And all the way through he preserves a picture of himself which must undoubtedly have gratified his declining years. But in spite of his self-esteem he was a man of immense intelligence. He knew when to listen and the people worth listening to. He was at once cynical and subtle. This last volume of his reminiscences, in spite of their untruthfulness on occasion and their personal venom always towards those who in any way had crossed his path, is well worth reading. They recreate a "dead" world in a way which seems to make every detail seem alive. They also reveal the character of a man who once played a very big part in European history; reveal it in all its greatness as well as its pettiness. Together they provide an interesting historical study.



Facetious Sassenach (alluding to persistent ringing): "Ha! an impatient person, I suppose?"
Scotch Lift Boy: "Noo. It's a bell."

Another Half-forgotten World.

MISS VIOLET HUNT takes us into another world again—a world, however, which she, too, has recreated so vividly that it seems she must have actually lived in it and known the principal people of her story intimately as the tragedy of their lives developed towards its final catastrophe. She is helped in this, of course, by her memory of the famous men who played their parts in the drama of the Rossetti household—Holman Hunt, William Morris, Millais, and others of the historical Pre-Raphaelite movement—and the casual conversations she remembers, helped of course by the biographies and memoirs which have already included the story in their pages. Clever novelist that she is, however, she has been able to weave all these notes into a picture of the past which is quite astoundingly vivid. The main story, of course, lay before her—the strange marriage of Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddall. Neither should have been married, perhaps. Rossetti living with his head in the mental clouds; Elizabeth, one of those "withdrawn" women

(Continued on p. 58)

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING!

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Irate Lady : Did yer 'ear wot she called me—a baggy-eyed old 'ippotamus !
Sympathetic Friend : D'yer think she meant to be rude, dearie ?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

who can never come out of themselves, temperamentally cold, suffering for years from incipient consumption. Here is Miss Hunt's description of her after she had been discovered by William Allingham serving in a bonnet shop, and later on became the model of Walter Devereux, who raved about her beauty and eventually introduced her to Rossetti: "Her manner did not vary with her new circumstances, and she did not go the way to make the new people like her, or feel at ease with her, confounding and puzzling them all by an obstinate withdrawal of personality. . . . Not friendly or chatty, but, like Beatrice, denying them nearly everything but her salutation; turning off the talk the moment it became personal to herself. . . . Looking like a Madonna, she had the sapience of the gutter-child. And a little embittered."

Was she in love with Rossetti? Always in and out of his rooms, she became as familiar to his friends and acquaintances as if she were actually his wife. And yet there was never real intimacy between them. Perhaps it was her desire to be married, to have, as it were, a definite background, which inclined her to use her illness to make Rossetti marry her during those short few days when he had gone down to see her at Hastings. And yet, as a wife, how unsatisfactory! At least, for a man of the temperament of Rossetti. Living in a world of his own, he preferred his women to be more of the earth-earthy, more animal. Their married life, therefore, was the underground struggle of two incompatibles who did not possess the physical force to "have it out" in a blow-for-blow kind of way. Probably her illness, her temperament, were the cause of the final tragedy, Rossetti's interest in other women only the ultimate argument which the whole unhealthiness of her soul required to justify her act. Her suicide, Rossetti's remorse, the burying of the poems in her coffin, and their strange and sinister disinterment, here is a

story as strange as any novelist could conjecture, and Miss Hunt reveals the drama of it until it reads more like a novel than a biography. It is this quality about the book which makes it so fascinating. She builds up the background so that the facts as they appear stand out and yet form part of a definite pattern. The story, too, is of that mordant kind in which she herself excels as a novelist. She has consequently recreated for us the tragedy of the wife of Rossetti in a way which is infinitely more thrilling than a thousand-and-one books of fiction. Incidentally it resuscitates at the same time a dead world of art and of artists in a way which brings that world and the life of London of their day back to life to an extraordinary extent. The glory of the novelist again!

* * *

Some Entertaining Scrap-books.

If you are a reader of *The Sunday Express* you will immediately recognize in book form one of its most amusing features, namely John Hix's "Strange as it Seems" which, under that title, has just been published by Stanley Paul

at 5s. And what a 5s. worth of human and natural curiosities it is! There certainly is "nowt so queer as folk," nor anything so astounding as facts if you dig them out. There is, to quote but a few examples, a volcano in old Mexico which produces ice ready-cut and only needing to be wrapped and delivered to purchasers; and in 1925 there lived in London a Mrs. F. E. S. Cook, who wrote a will comprising four volumes and containing 95,940 words; and, "curiouser and curiouser," until 1911, there were to be found in North Carolina two sisters who had two perfect heads, four legs, yet only one body. One sang soprano and the other contralto, and either head could control two or four feet! And these are only three examples culled from a book which contains dozens of those things which you wouldn't

believe unless, of course, you have already realized that tales of imagination are paltry side by side with the truth. Another little book which can be picked up and opened at any page in the certainty that the eye will meet something which rivets the mind's attention is "Chez James" (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.), by Rose Henniker Heaton and Duncan Swann. This is a distant relative of the famous "Week-End Book," only there is much less of it and it does not cover so wide a field of interest and entertainment. Nevertheless, so far as it goes, it is very amusing. It is deftly written and readable all the way. It contains advice on most of those matters which pertain to the everyday, as well as cooking recipes, epigrams, yarns, some wit and much wisdom; the whole delightfully illustrated and ending with a series of blank pages on which you can continue "Chez James" out of your own experiences. Undoubtedly James's advice is of the best. Who, for example, is going to quarrel with this hint: "Put your available money into good plumbing and let the herbaceous border go to blazes"? Or with this reflection:

In my innocent youth
I alone held the truth.
I was bold and dogmatic
To the old and asthmatic
As an old ass, oh lor'
I'm a bold dog no more!
What I thought was sole truth
Was only my youth.

And this is worth taking to heart alas! "It is a sure sign of old age when your host says he feels younger every day." Finally, as I am writing of books which can be picked up at any time and opened almost anywhere, Messrs. Routledge are now publishing a little series called "Seen by the Camera," which tell us what they have to "say" almost entirely in pictures. One is called "The Male Body" (2s. 6d.), which illustrates to what perfection the physical male body can attain, if only . . . and the other, more interesting because more unusual, is entitled "Hollywood as it Really Is" (2s. 6d.), which, besides giving a series of pictures of film life, offers you photographs of some of those fakes which look so absolutely the real thing when you see them on the screen.



THE POET LAUREATE AND A PAL

Mr. John Masfield in the grounds of his beautiful home, Hill Crest, Boars Hill, Oxford. Not one of the least popular of the Masfield poems is "Reynard the Fox"

Johnson

ROUND THE SHOWS



IN "STRANGE ORCHESTRA": MISS LAURA COWIE (Vera)
AND MISS NADINE MARCH (Freda)



ALSO: MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON (Jenny Lyndon),
AND MR. HUGH WILLIAMS (Peter)



"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE": MR. DARRELL
FANCOURT AND MR. MARTYN GREEN

"Strange Orchestra" is a strange play all about a rather shoddy Bohemia, but it is filling the St. Martin's Theatre by reason of the fine acting of, amongst others, Miss Laura Cowie, the lady who kept a "convenient" flat in Chelsea and drew a nice distinction between a courtesan and a tart. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's acting as her daughter is above praise. The Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Savoy is having its absolutely inevitable success, and Mr. Martyn Green, Sir Henry Lytton's successor-designate in some of his parts, has won his spurs most convincingly. "The Pirates" was the opera with which the Gilbert and Sullivan season opened and will be played again during the repertory season which follows the run of all the operas. Miss Norah Robinson has only recently gone into the military farce, "Orders are Orders," at the Shaftesbury, and it is good news to hear that the play continues to do well

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



IN "ORDERS ARE ORDERS": MR. BASIL
FOSTER AND MISS NORAH ROBINSON

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—The Rugby Union are in trouble again, though it's not very serious this time. A year or two ago, by reason of certain complaints that the roofs of the big stands at Twickenham rather spoilt the view from Richmond Terrace, I suggested that the Union might be asked to turn to account one of the minor lessons of the War and camouflage the offending structures. Nothing was done

knowledge that Blackheath have been passing through a troublous time and the sooner they recover their old prestige the better for everybody.

In most matches there has been evidence that the players are desirous of keeping the rules and getting on with the game, the two things being synonymous. Most of the delays which are so irritating to excited spectators are entirely the fault of the players themselves, and are too often due to deliberate flouting of the laws by men who ought to know better. Such offenders cannot be punished too frequently or too severely; Rugby would be far better off without them.

Most people know that the law now insists that the player putting the ball in shall "with both hands from below the knee gently propel the ball" into the scrumage. Yet only a few days ago I saw an International scrum-half, standing almost upright, persistently throw the ball in with considerable force. And the referee said never a word. Yet he was meticulously severe on minor infringements of comparatively little importance, and on one occasion actually gave a penalty kick for as clear a case of unintentional off-side as you will see this season. I dislike criticizing referees, for I have been through the mill myself, and much of their work is above praise, but a few of them do seem lacking in common sense.

That quality, by the way, will solve most of the problems which occur so seldom in actual play and so often on paper. Common sense and the spirit of the game will usually produce an equitable decision satisfactory to all concerned, and there is absolutely no point in trying to force false interpretations of the laws as they stand. I thoroughly agree with Mr. D. R. Gent in

(Continued on p. vi)



R. S. Crisp

THE 1ST BATTALION WELCH REGIMENT XV

The team which won by 11 points (2 tries and a goal) to 3 points against the Civil Service XV at Chiswick

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—Lance-Corporal Ibbetson, Private Barnett, Lance-Corporal Johnson, Sergeant Ridcont, Private Warman, Private Lewis, Lance-Corporal Carter, Corporal Cogbill; front row—Lance-Corporal Poppley, Lieutenant de Cantaret, Lieutenant Cottall, Lieutenant Drane (captain), Lieutenant Cowey, Lieutenant Christy, Corporal Evans

then, but the Richmond Borough Council have taken up the matter and have asked the Union to adopt the suggestion. There is really no reason why headquarters should not do so, though they are not likely to agree to an alternative plan which was put before them. This idea was to surround the ground with numerous poplar trees.

The alterations and repairs at the Richmond Athletic ground have won general approval, and Commander Longford is quite embarrassed by all the congratulations showered upon him. Of course it is far more comfortable for the players to change and tub at once instead of having to put up with the discomforts of the public baths. It is a wonder no one ever carried out this reform before. And the tea-room is a splendid idea which should bring a lot of grist to the mill. The company will soon be paying a dividend if it's not careful.

The game has got into its stride pretty quickly this season and already there have been some highly satisfactory matches. It is pleasant to see Blackheath making such an excellent start and that, too, by the work of men on practically all of whom they can rely for the whole of the season. It is always a mistaken policy to chop and change a side for the sake of including star players who have other claims upon them and cannot turn out regularly. It is common



R. S. Crisp

THE CIVIL SERVICE XV

The team which was beaten by the Welch Regiment (above) in the recent match at Chiswick by 11 points to 3

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—R. Blacklock (team hon. sec.), C. Rodd, P. Bell, H. W. Charman, M. G. Kirk, A. E. Keens, L. E. Saxby, H. G. Myers, and A. M. Woodley; seated—H. Bull, N. D. Marshall, J. T. Davies, A. Beard (captain), F. S. Somerton, J. J. G. Smith, and J. E. Hodgson



LONDON'S WILL O' THE WISP

By Frank H. Mason, R.I.

A Londoner who might happen, in passing along the Embankment during the early hours of morning, to catch sight of a lambent yellow flame moving fitfully over the dark flowing water below, could be pardoned for supposing that he had chanced upon a veritable will o' the wisp—a surprising apparition in the heart of the metropolis! But there is a scientific explanation (we are assured) of everything, and in the present case this eerie phantom would prove, on investigation, to be nothing more than a simple apparatus for what the Port of London Authority somewhat unromantically calls "testing the upland water drift." In other words, it is one of the multifarious functions of the P.L.A. to study very closely the question of river pollution. The importance of this to public health is obvious, and amongst other data necessary is precise information regarding the rate of drift, e.g. the length of time which it takes for an impurity to get discharged into the sea. For this purpose a specially designed float is launched in the river at Teddington, and sent forth on its long drift covering over 800 miles to the sea. For better observation it carries a red flag by day and a lighted lamp at night, and during the whole of its course down river it is kept under constant surveillance. P.L.A. officials attend it in a skiff by day, and at night in a motor launch, whose green lights are a warning signal to any moving craft which may be encountered. The watchers see to it that the float never fouls the shore or such

obstructions as anchored vessels or lighters, and an exact chart of its movements is made. The latter yields some surprising information. It may take the best part of three weeks, for example, to complete the voyage from Teddington to the Nore, or it may take but half the time. In any case the rate of progress is very far from constant. Between Chelsea and London Bridge the float has been known to go backwards and forwards, up and down stream, for a whole week, the graph on the chart being nearly as regular as the teeth of a saw. On that occasion it was not until the region round about Erith was reached that the float seemed suddenly to decide that it was sick of the river and made a real dash for the sea. From the data collected it would at least appear that there is a vast volume of water passing and repassing the very heart of London and proceeding sea-ward by only slow degrees. The public considerations which this involves are evident, and the need of study and vigilance on the part of the river authorities becomes obvious. London, it is said, never sleeps, and is a city of eternal light. The truth of this, though not to be doubted, is not vividly appreciated in the small hours by the weary-eyed watchers of London's will o' the wisp. Silence falls at night upon the river, the blackness of the barge road becomes impenetrable, and from the water's level the only light that draws the eye is that of Big Ben, hung solitarily, like a great yellow moon, over the sleeping city.



"Planning the New Expedition" by A. D. McCormick, R.A.

FROM THE PAINTING EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1928



PLAYER'S *Medium*
Navy Cut Cigarettes
50 tin 2/6
PLAYER'S *Medium*
Navy Cut Tobacco
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It's always a good plan to smoke
PLAYER'S

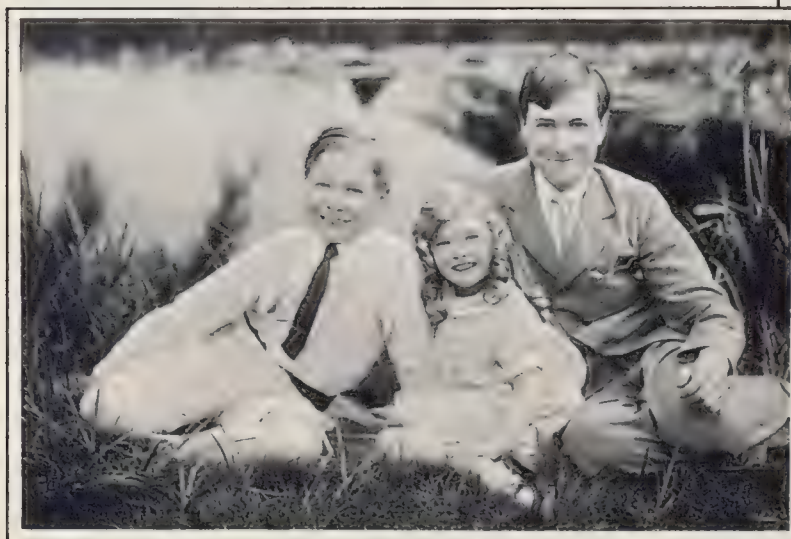
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



THE CAMERA AT RUFFORD ABBEY

Lady Savile and her family

It was announced some months ago that, owing to heavy taxation, Rufford Abbey had been closed. Lady Savile and her family, however, go there from time to time to see that all is well with their very stately home in the Dukeries. The present Lord Savile, who succeeded his father last year at the age of twelve, is at Eton. His younger brother, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, promises to be a brilliant musician



LORD SAVILE WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER

THE HON. DEIRDRE LUMLEY-SAVILE AND HER MOTHER

Photographs by Miss Compion Collier

A FEW AUTUMN LEAVES FROM EUROPE



A STUDY IN TWO HATS: LADY MOUNT TEMPLE AND COL. DAWSON AT MONTE



IN PARIS: MISS GENEVIEVE VIX AND MRS. EARLE



AT HOSSEGOR: M. JEAN BOROTRA AND HIS BROTHER, EDOUARD



AT THE LIDO: THE COMTE AND COMTESSE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (AT BACK), THE BARONESS AND MR. ROBIN D'ERLANGER



AT MONTE: THE PRINCESS ILLYNSKA AND BODYGUARD

Although Paris has nothing "on" us where weather is concerned, for it rains and also is cold there, autumn has not yet put much noticeable bite into it elsewhere on the Continent—or else people would not be wearing the kit they still are. At Monte and the Lido it is quite balmy, and they wear becoming hats like the one Lady Mount Temple has on. She is rated one of the best-dressed women on the Riviera, and her husband was Col. Wilfrid Ashley before he was made a peer. The rainy picture from Paris displays Miss Genevieve Vix, the famous singer, and Mrs. (Daphne) Earle, who is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and has a lovely villa in Florence. Jean Borotra, after his magnificent effort for France in the Davis Cup, made his next public appearance with his brother, Edouard, when they won the Doubles at Hossegor, a place made famous by reason of its wonderful golf-course, on which the Prince of Wales has played. The Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Baroness d'Erlanger and Mr. Robin d'Erlanger were snapped lunching at the Taverna Beach Restaurant at the Lido, and Princess Illynska and the small lad have two of those fascinating barge dogs and a dachshund as their escort. The Princess Illynska is the wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia

'CHASING AND HANDY HUNTER TRIALS



AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON 'CHASES:
MRS. DENNIS, MRS. GEOFFREY PEASE
AND (RIGHT) LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS



ALSO 'CHASING: (LEFT) LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER AND R. EVERETT.
(RIGHT) LADY MANTON, CAPTAIN MILES GRAHAM AND MR. SMITH-BINGHAM



The Stratford-on-Avon Meeting under National Hunt Rules was luckier in its weather than gatherings elsewhere, for the rain cleared fairly soon, the sun then making a brave show. There was an extra-large number of entries, but only one favourite fulfilled expectations. Lady Blanche Douglas, the Duke of Beaufort's sister, figures in several of the illustrations to "To Whom the Goddess," the excellent book on hunting and riding for women which Lady Diana Shedden and Lady Apsley have just published. Robert Everett, who used to ride as an amateur and then turned professional, won the National on Grealach in 1929, when the field was the biggest on record. He flies too



OF AINTREE FAME: A. NIGHTINGALL

The Mid-Surrey Drag Hunter Trials attracted many well-known sporting personalities, but none more famous than Arthur Nightingall, who won the Grand National in 1890, 1894 and 1901. Nightingalls have been training at Epsom for two centuries, and their record in racing history is one of which Surrey is deservedly proud. Various members of the family were taking part in the excellently organised Hunter Trials. These were held at Highfield Farm, mainly in a down-pour, but so great was the interest that hardly any spectators left before the prize-giving. Hound Trials were included in the programme and there was also an inter-Hunt Team contest, which was won by the Old Surrey and Burstow, whose popular team consisted of Lady Stanier, Mr. Sam Marsh and Mr. Sam Bennett



WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE MID-SURREY HUNTER TRIALS
NEAR EPSOM: MISS R. TAYLOR WITH MANIS, SAFETY AND PEG

Priscilla in Paris

sentimental. The man, on the contrary, exhausts all sentiment "before," and returns to his pipe, his business, or his golf "afterwards," with hardly a "thankee" for favours accorded! It goes without saying that all who read these lines only know of exceptions to this rule, but the rule exists, nevertheless. *La Ronde* might easily be called "Before and After," or even "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady" . . . but Schnitzler preferred *La Ronde*, for the obvious reason that he threads up his ten little acts—one might refer to them as sexual acts—into a chain which is flawless despite its many frail links. It would be invidious—besides on these chaste pages—*pro pudor!*—to describe these scenes, that one and all portray desire and its fulfilment.

It will suffice to give you a list of characters, and you, I am sure, will be able to fit in the dialogues. The prostitute and the sailor. The same sailor and a maid-servant. The same servant and her young master. The young man and a woman of the world—in the French sense of the word. The same woman and her husband. The husband and a midinette. The midinette and a poet.

The poet and a celebrated actress. The actress and a man of the world, and, to complete the circle (which otherwise might have expanded *ad nauseam*), the man of the world and the prostitute whom we first saw with the sailor. As usual with the Pitoeffs, the staging is clever. A scene on an embankment lighted by a solitary street lamp creates a strange effect, on the tiny stage of the Théâtre de l'Avenue, of solitude and space. Remarkably well done is a corner view of a low dancing hall seen from the roadway; one sees the couples passing behind the brilliantly lit windows, and one has a bird's-eye view into the dark cellar underneath, and into which the sailor entices the servant. A brilliant solution of a particularly difficult *mise en scène* are the two little revolving platforms that show, simultaneously, the kitchen where the servant is doing the domestic chores, and the sitting-room where her master is "registering" hesitation before ringing for her. Ingenious, too, is the way a boudoir and a bed-room are framed with curtains, and the bed is pulled away into the wings when, even in this country, the Censor would have no doubt intervened had the action of the play continued in full view of the audience. There is only one little fault to find in this very clever production. Having modernised the play to the extent of introducing a Yo-Yo and allowing the midinette to dance a "béguine," it was anachronistic to allow the woman of the world to swathe her features in the "*triple voilette de l'adultère*" and, later, produce a button-hook from a vanity bag . . . such accessories are prehistoric.

One wonders how the general public will react to this study in the erotics. The spectators of the *répétition générale* were inclined to treat it as a broad—very broad—farce, refusing entirely to consider it *au grand sérieux*, which, I think, was very wise of them, and showed an opinion that was most defensible. To go from one extreme to another, the *répétition générale* that followed the Pitoeff production was that of the French version of *White Horse Inn* at the Théâtre Mogador. A very gay and brilliant affair, and what gorgeously picturesque costumes! Erik Charell, who, of course, staged it, as he did both in Berlin and London, had an immense reception, but we were somewhat amused to see how absolutely—and very rightly—he expected it, and how quickly he bounced out of the wings and down to the footlights as soon as his name was shouted by an enthusiastic audience.

This was the first really smart *première* of the season. Hitherto we have been rather dowdy and afternoon-frocky in the evening, but at the Mogador we brought out our newest bits and pieces. Josephine Baker, who is rehearsing for the new revue at the Casino, was very much *dernier cri* in a trailing black velvet gown with the funniest little sleeves of bright red American cloth . . . the sort of stuff one used to make rain hats of! Her hair was glued into a coronet of ringlets . . . all very barbaric, but most attractive, for she is so lovely that she can "get away with" the most eccentric creations. With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



TWO GEES WHICH ARE WINNERS

D'Ora, Paris

Eleanor and Carola Gee, who are half-English and half-German and were trained in Spain, are now winning plenty of praise in Cabaret in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—The Pitoeffs have produced a play—*La Ronde*—by Arthur Schnitzler, that was written, I believe, quite at the end of the last, or the beginning of this, century. It consists of ten short tableaux in which the same theme is repeated insatiably, and Mr. Percy Mitchell most aptly describes it as "a panorama of eroticism." I cannot imagine that it has ever before seen the footlights except at the most private performance, and if it was published in those far-away days, it was no doubt printed in Brussels and sold in the Palais Royal. We are a little tired in Paris of the Maya type of heroine, whether she be glorified by Simon Gantillon or Somerset Maugham, but it was interesting, if somewhat humiliating, to discover that, according to Schnitzler, all women are Mayas under the skin.

But no—here I am exaggerating the dramatist's contention; let us say, instead, that in every rank of society the Mayas and their lovers are identical. The woman who is, or affects to be, reluctant and scornful before what one is pleased to call "her fall," becomes, afterwards, clinging and



Sasha
MLLE. YVONNE
PRINTEMPS

MLLE. JACQUELINE DELUBAC

Jacqueline Delubac is Sacha Guitry's new leading lady, and, as will be observed, is very pretty and as talented as she is easy to look at. The picture was taken when she was in the Paramount screen version of "Topaze," which has been a success in every country in the world excepting in England and the States. The unfortunate rupture between Sacha and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, is regretted by everyone. Yvonne Printemps' recent appearance in the revival of "Mozart" has been a "succès d'estime," and Sacha's tribute to her performance was not the least enthusiastic of the many



Sasha
M. SACHA
GUITRY

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

MR. ACKLAND ARRIVES



HOW LIFE GOES ON IN CHELSEA: ROBERT HARRIS. CAROL REES. LESLIE FRENCH. 'CLIFFORD BARTLETT. NADINE MARCH. LAURA COWIE. DAVID HUTCHESON. MARY CASSON

IT is twenty to one that you will hear much more of Mr. Rodney Ackland during the next several years; the odds being those at which an insurance company might assess the healthy survival of a twenty-three-year-old dramatist.

Strange Orchestra, at the St. Martin's, is Mr. Ackland's first play in the commercial-minded theatre, and it can stand up to any first play by dramatists now famous (Mr. Coward's *The Young Idea*, for instance). It is a good play, an original play, a play with lovely moments and rich observation. It is almost a brilliant play.

It might be a splendid play if the tale it tells were as well composed as the people it uses. Vera Lyndon, blowsy but attractively natural, is surrounded by a haphazard collection of lodgers and illegitimate offspring—a terribly male young man; a gentle young man yearning over his unpublished

novels, his back rent, and a girl with an anti-cruelty phobia; a discontented film-girl; two young lovers; and a girl who wants glamour and experience during the few weeks left before she goes blind. With reservation over the novelist's mushiness (he starts an adventure in sentimental love with the sentence: "I don't believe in D. H. Lawrence and all that"), these are so real that they could step from the theatre to the fireside without losing conviction. The professional seducer who uses love-making as his burglar's jemmy, and vanishes with Jenny's money after fulfilling

her need for experience, seems as authentic. Only the minor part of a chicken-witted vamp is out of focus as an overdrawn (and over-acted) puppet.

Stray bits and pieces of plot, however, are melodrama for which no plausible reason is shown. The good-looking crook who lives by his love-racket arrives through coincidence at the very moment when his ready prey is in search of love's fulfilment before her eyes fail. A young husband and wife suddenly and incredibly try to gas themselves into suicide for fear that their rapture will not last. And blind Jenny's fortitude at the end seems too complete to be true.

This effort by a very young author depends, though, less on its plot than on its humanity, which has been finely translated into dialogue. Because of his quality as an understanding observer, I repeat that Mr. Rodney Ackland has a glittering future. Mr. John Gielgud helps him with able production that derives a bit too much atmosphere from *Musical Chairs*. Laurie Cowie's lolling, endearing Vera is a joy throughout the three temperamental acts. Jean Forbes-Robertson is to be admired for her spirituality, although I would rather see her in Shakespeare, and in this play an actress better adapted to its physical harmonies. I wish I had more space for praise of the performances by Hugh Williams, Nadine March, Clifford Bartlett, Carol Rees and David Hutcheson (who as the excessive male booms like a bull at mating time).



VERY MALE AND FEMALE: DAVID HUTCHESON. ELIZABETH ASTOR



A LOVE RACKET: HUGH WILLIAMS. JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

YANKEE NOODLES

ART is long, and art colonies are very long-winded. Their windiness has charm when the Bohemia is youthful, as well as self-conscious. The eternal spouting about art, and the contempt for material success, then have the glamour of fantastic worlds like that of *The Young Visitors*. And tales well told of light love among art students are akin to figures

on Staffordshire china made for the nursery. *Mimi Pinson est une blonde* has a fragrance that recalls Baby-Bunting.



AT ODDS WITH LOVE MARY GREW,
MARTIN WALKER

Oh how dull, though, are tales of Bohemian colonies full of mature people striking the attitudes that belong to immaturity. The spouting becomes posed platitude, the contempt for success a futility on stilts, the light loving a petty furtiveness dressed in humbug. Which is why *The Left Bank*, at the Ambassadors, is much ado about nothing worth European attention.

The Latin Quarter of Henri Murger or Leonard Merrick is distant a continent in spirit from the Americanised Montparnasse shown in Mr. Elmer Rice's play. Soon after the war, Montparnasse again became the Paris headquarters of new aspirants in poetry, painting, and fiction. It was international, and it worked as hard as it

reveled. It was then captured by adult Anglo-Saxons living on allowances, in the proportion of three parts Greenwich Village-American to one part Chelsea-English. It talked and drank interminably in the Dôme and Rotonde cafés, it drank and talked incoherently in bars like the Dingo, it pretended delirium in cabarets like the Jockey. It had about a dozen first-class artists with pen or brush, but the rest did little except play at being creative, produce free and easy verse, eccentric magazines and uncensored editions, and do hack work in the intervals of spending daddy's allowance to his queer, grown-up laddie. I watched it under the microscope for three months, which was as long as one could frequent the Montparnasse of 1926 without wanting to kick oneself in the studio mirror.

The slump has forced Anglo-American poppas to cut off all but a few of the allowances; and Montparnasse is again almost Latin.

The Left Bank is not a contemporary play; but, if it were, London would still have little interest in American expatriates who ponderously talk of cultural deserts and fake emotionalisms, when they are not stepping in and out of each other's beds.

Able play-construction is wasted on the subject, which makes flat drama, although it might have suited farce-comedy. The best to be said is that attractive acting comes from Martin Walker, and good character cameos by May Agate,

Denier Warren and either Gerald Fitzgerald or Leslie Thomas (whichever is the fellow with spectacles who recites Horace with hiccups in the amusing *Left Bank* party illustrated below).



AT ODDS WITH LIFE: SUNDAY
WILSHIN, VERNON KELSO



MONTPARNASSE À LA MODE: MAY AGATE, DENIER WARREN, ROLAND GILLET, GERALD FITZGERALD, NATALIE MOYA, MARGARET MOFFAT, LESLIE THOMAS, HUGH E. WRIGHT AND OTHERS

HOW THEY DO IT ON THE FILMS



MARION DAVIES IN "BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES" IN NEW YORK

Marion Davies, real name Dowras, daughter of a New York "jedge," Ziegfeld Folly, model for, amongst others, the famous Fisher and Penrhyn-Stanlaws in every picture magazine of the decorative order in the U.S.A., actress, a film tomboy, then a big star with a practically unfixed income, is now in her latest with Robert Montgomery, a big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film which is going to be a very big noise—so they say! Edmund Goulding, who made "Grand Hotel," now showing at the Palace in London, is directing, and one of these pictures shows him during an interval. Marion Davies has the right coloured hair for this film, as she is a golden blonde, and "Blondie" in the film story is what is described as a "tenement" girl. The other M.G.-M. film on this page is "Payment Deferred," and the picture was taken in a moment for relaxation



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN AND LOTHAR MENDES (DIRECTOR) MAKING "PAYMENT DEFERRED"



MAKING "BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES"
(Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, and the Director, Edmund, Goulding)



THE MARINE WHO SAID HE WANTED TO GO TO SEA

By H. M. BATEMAN



PICCADILLY

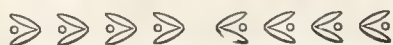
By A. R. THOMSON



CADILLY

A. R. THOMSON

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THEM WOT MAKES THE FLICKERS

SOME LITTLE IMPRESSIONS OF THE PERSONNEL AND PLAYERS OF ENGLAND'S NEWEST FILM COMPANY, "LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS," WHOSE FIRST TWO FILMS, "WEDDING REHEARSAL" AND "MEN OF TO-MORROW," HAVE BEEN SHOWING AT THE NEW GALLERY AND PLAZA CINEMAS

(L. to R.) Front Row: LAJOS BIRO (Scenario), GEORGE GROSSMITH (Chairman), ALEXANDER KORDA and A. C. N. DIXEY, M.P. (Managing Directors), JOHN SUTRO (Director). Second Row: LORD LURGAN (Vice-Chairman), ZOLTAN KORDA (Production), LEONTINE SAGEN (famous for "Mädchen in Uniform") (Production), ANTHONY GIBBS (Scenario), OLIVER BALDWIN (son of Mr. Stanley Baldwin) (Scenario), ROWLAND LEE (Production). Third Row: ARTHUR WIMPERIS (Dialogue), TAMBORINI (Studio), KURT SCHROEDER (Music), ETIENNE PALLOS (Sales), DAVID CUNNINGHAM (Studio), GEORGE GROSSMITH jun. (Casting), HARRY GEORGE (Secretary). Fourth Row: Mr. Korda's Four Young Ladies—DIANA NAPIER, WENDY BARRY, JOAN GARDINER, MERLE OBERON, ROBERT MILTON (Production), JOHN MYERS (Publicity). Top Row: PHIL TANNURA (Camera), LADY TREE, ROBERT DONAT and ELIZABETH BERGNER (the Greta Garbo of Germany, who is to be produced in English films)

LOATH TO LEAVE NORTH BERWICK



SIR FRANCIS AND LADY LACEY

Encouraged by the fine weather, Sir Francis and Lady Lacey have been among the late lingerers at North Berwick, enjoying some unhurried golf. Sir Francis used to be Secretary to the M.C.C. He and his wife live in the West Country



RIGHT: MISS MARY RICARDO AND SALLY



SIR RONALD LINDSAY AND PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

Our Ambassador in Washington, the Hon. Sir Ronald Lindsay, photographed on the links with Lady Oxford's brilliant daughter, whose dramatist-diplomat husband is Rumanian Minister to Spain. Princess Antoine Bibesco is very faithful to North Berwick, which also yearly attracts large contingents of her Tennant relations



MISS EVELYN BAIRD AND LADY HELEN O'BRIEN

Lord Haddington's only sister takes her golf very seriously and often engages in friendly contest with Miss Evelyn Baird. The latter is the eldest daughter of Major and Lady Hersey Baird, of Lennoxlove, and a niece of Sir David Baird and Lord Conyngham. Inset above appears a pleasant snapshot of Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ricardo's younger daughter, not forgetting Sally, a very appealing four-legged friend who knows all about getting her own way. Mrs. John Roberts (see right) was Miss Nancy Brook before her marriage

Photographs by Balmain



MRS. JOHN ROBERTS LETS FLY

THE HOURS



9 a.m...Upon awakening, a generous application of tonic and cleansing cream to remove the traces of the night's Treatment and the smuts that have blown in through the window while you were asleep and defenceless, and then a brisk patting with that splendid cleansing Special Astringent...a light smoothing on of Velva to take away the tenseness of your skin...and then your coffee.

10 a.m...Remove your Velva with a stimulating application of Spotpruf Lotion to arouse your circulation and enable you to face the day invigorated. Then on with your clothes and off to the Elizabeth Arden Salon for the hour's devotion to the week's schedule.

12 noon...You emerge, your body tingling, with every drop of blood circulating in the right direction. You feel pounds lighter and fit to conquer the world. Fittings...a comfortable giving-in to temptation as the stores display their beauties...a twinkle in your eye and a smile on your lips. Life is so fascinating when you've done your duty towards yourself. The sun is high...now for the fun which you have earned.

1 p.m...A glance in the mirror. Discreet renewal of delicate Ardena' powder from your newest and most intriguing compact...a touch of the right lipstick...and you can lunch in peace.

3 p.m...The lipstick holds, but your cream rouge may have faded. That's what your hard rouge is for. A delicate application (surely you have a Double Compact)...you are still fresh and lovely.

4 p.m...The quick change. The tea hour is ahead of you. Don't forget to change your rouge when you change your gown. Consult your Colour Harmony Box for make-up to accent your costume. Cleanse your face...as you always must before selecting a new colour combination...a fresh make-up...the right rouge and lipstick. Can that be the same woman? You are intriguing to your friends and an inspiration to your enemies. What a satisfaction!

5 p.m...Tea and chatter. No need to look in your mirror...you know, with satisfaction, that your Elizabeth Arden foundation keeps your powder smooth and even. Just one glance? Don't bother! You must? There, what did I tell you?

6 p.m...The home-coming hour...perhaps the "husband-hour." Are you looking your best, so that this mythical "he" may feel that no matter how hard he has worked it was worth it? Let the lights be indiscreet...you have nothing to fear!

7 p.m...Look in your mirror! You're still as lovely as when you started. Except for that faint look of fatigue around your eyes. A thorough cleansing with a pad of cotton squeezed out of refreshing ice cold Skin Tonic and covered with Cleansing Cream, followed by an application of Anti-Wrinkle Cream and a few minutes rest, will bring complete revivification.

8 p.m...It did work! Your face looks fresh and feels delicious...and so to dinner. Then the triumphant entrance to theatre or drawing room. Your little mirror smiles back at you with your own delighted eyes. All is well...gaze upon me, O mine enemies, and wonder.

11 p.m...Yes, a fine coating of powder...the warming touch of lovely Blush Rose...the unnecessary but reassuring lipstick before dancing! The inner glow and outer radiance that bespeak a day of beauty untainted...perfect...inexhaustible.

1 a.m...Home...peace...the lovely restfulness of the night Treatment so quickly done. It is the armour which you don against the battle of life. You are protected. And so to sleep. until...

9 a.m...Upon awakening, a generous application...

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SARI MARITZA, THE PARAMOUNT STAR—RESTING

An attractive off-set picture of the beautiful young woman who not so long ago had a success in a Hollywood-made picture called "Greek Street," and since then has gone up the ladder a good deal higher, and is now very busily employed at Hollywood by the famous producing firm

A DEMOCRATIC golf-club near London has very recently allowed an artisan club to be formed and to play at certain times over the course. The artisans held their first competition, and the captain of the club proper was asked to present the prizes. The standard of play was not high, but the captain made a tactful speech at the prize-giving. "Gentlemen," he said, "undoubtedly you have a lot of good golfing talent in your ranks, although, naturally, it is in the rough at present."

The business magnate was boring a young man with tales of his own virtues.

"And let me tell you, young man," he said ponderously, "I've forgotten more than you ever knew."

"Really, Sir!" said the young man brightly. "Did you ever try tying a knot in your handkerchief?"

A witness of a motor accident was giving her evidence.

"And you say," said the magistrate, "that as soon as you saw this car coming you had a presentiment of coming disaster?"

"That's right, your honour. When I first sees him coming along the road, that little red arrow on the front of the car was pointing neither to the right nor to the left, but straight up to the sky, and I says to myself: 'Surely that's a sign that the driver's goin' straight to heaven,' and he did."

"Please, mum," said the new maid, "do I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served'?"

Before the lady of the house could answer, the master cut in:

"If it's anything like it was yesterday, just say 'Dinner is burnt'!"

All the members of the staff were gathered in the manager's room for a presentation to a retiring colleague. The gifts from the firm were a purse of money and a watch.

After a long and flattering speech, the manager wound up with: "The contents of this"—holding up the purse—"may in time disappear. But"—he picked up the watch—"here is something that will never go."

A Frenchman quarrelled with a Scotsman and challenged him to a duel. The challenge was accepted, and, in order to keep the affair as quiet as possible, they both took a train into the country. The Frenchman took a return ticket, but his opponent only booked a single.

"Sapristi!" exclaimed the former. "You expect not to come back, eh, *mon ami*? I always take a return!"

"Och! I never do," replied the Scot. "I always take the return half of my adversary."

A little girl was being taken to a nursing home to have a slight operation. As she was going in the home, she said to the nurse: "Am I a surgical or a medical case?"

"My dear child!" exclaimed the nurse, "what do you know about surgical or medical cases?"

"Well, a medical case is when you go in ill and come out well, and a surgical case is when you go in well and come out ill."

A man who was making a long train journey to the place where he intended to spend his holidays began to feel thirsty.

"Say, porter," he said, as the train pulled up at a station, "can I get any liquid refreshment here?"

"No, Sir," replied the porter, "only tea and coffee."

MINKA IN "VAUDEVILLE" Walter Bird

One of the clever young dancers who is appearing in "Vaudeville," which opened quite aptly at the Vaudeville at the end of last month. The entertainment is of the non-stop description, and is a palatable mixture of variety and revue—a definite success

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



OCTOBER, 1932

11th to the 20th inclusive

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11th Racing. Newmarket second October meeting.
Shows. Flower Show (Orchids) Horticultural Hall. | ley, Wimbledon. Richmond v. Spencer, Wandsworth. |
| 12th Racing. Newmarket Cesarewitch.
Hexham Steeplechases.
Fairs. "Mop" Fair, Stratford-on-Avon.
Shows. Guernsey Cattle Show and Sale, Reading. | Rugby. Notts, Lancs., and Derby v. Warwickshire, Beeston. |
| 13th Racing. Newmarket.
Swimming. Wandsworth S.C. Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Ladies' 100 yards.
Motoring. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. | 17th Racing. Wolverhampton. Wye Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. Textiles and Machinery Exhibition, Leicester.
Football. England v Ireland, Blackpool. |
| 14th Racing. Newmarket, Catterick Bridge.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. | 18th Racing. Newcastle and Wolverhampton.
Shows. National Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London. International Automobile Show, Olympia. |
| 15th Racing. Lingfield Park, Catterick Bridge and Wincanton Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition Olympia.
Swimming. Mermaid International Gala, Marshall Street Baths, London.
Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Cup 2nd Round.
Hockey. Southgate v. Oxford University, Southgate. Wimbledon v. Brom. | 19th Racing. Sandown, Newcastle and Mallow. Cardiff Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. National Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. |
| | 20th Racing. Doncaster and Dundalk. Sandown Park and Cardiff Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. Ayrshire Cattle Show and Sale, Reading. Kilmarnock Foal, Kilmarnock. |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

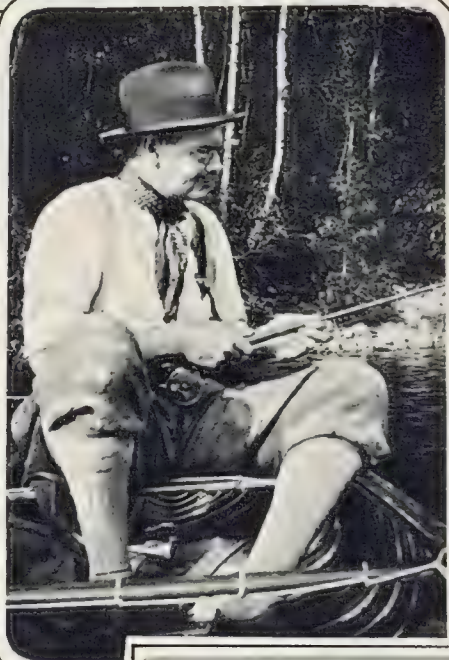


ON THE LIDO GOLF-LINKS

Mr. John Hall Jones, the winner of the Volpi Cup; the Countess Gabriella Robilant, winner of the Polignac Cup; and Major Esmé MacDonnell, who is the Hon. Secretary of that pleasant and thriving organisation, the Lido Golf Club

WHILST so many kind hunters are giving the Young Idea and others who may be new to the gentlemanly sport of fox-hunting so much in the way of hints as to their behaviour, I notice that little or nothing has been said about the acquisition of that most important thing, atmosphere. To environ yourself with the right *aura* means so much. I dare say if we only knew how to do this in connection with many of the ordinary, and also extraordinary, affairs of this life, we might even be able to float into ecstasy over a "symphonic poem" by Bax, or a concerto by someone like Schonberg. It is very useful, of course, to tell the ingenuous intending fox-hunter that it may be unsafe to go up to the M.F.H., tap him on the cap with your whip and say: "It's a fine hunting day and as balmy as May—is not it?" and it is also instructive to be told why the ordinary hunter should not whip the dogs to stop them howling in the thicket, but, to my way of thinking, there is something much more to it than all this. I am sure that an endeavour ought to be made to tell the neophyte how to acquire atmosphere, and, as might almost be ventured, a knowledge of the art of *chiaroscuro* as applied to fox-hunting.

With this end in view, I suggest that whether the matter in hand be merely cub-hunting or the pursuit of the fully-fledged fox, an excellent scheme is to stay with someone—an M.F.H. for preference—who has a haunted room in his house. I know one who has always



AT THE SEIGNORY CLUB, QUEBEC: MR. ASHLEY COOPER

An interesting snapshot of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, catching 'em alive-o at the Seignory Club, Lucerne, in Quebec. The Club owns an 80,000-acre estate, including more than this good spot of fishing



THE HON. URSULA BALFOUR—AND FRIEND

Somewhere in Scotland, where her father and mother, Lord and Lady Kinross, live all the year round. The Hon. Ursula Balfour was one of this year's débutantes, and she was born the year war broke out

it's still dark, and you are jogging on with the hounds, as, of course, you should if the chance offers. Some say that rum and milk is only for those who are very strong and hardy enough to face it, and even go so far as

(Continued on page viii)

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

been so kind as to permit me to sleep in the one which was once used by his 'great, great, great-aunt Arabella, who had her throat cut by her second cousin once removed, who was a cornet in one of Rupert's crack horse regiments. The assigned motive was because she was in love with a good-looking young gentleman in the Blues (of those times), who, as you know, were fighting for the Opposition shop, the Lord Protector. If you sleep in Aunt Arabella's room and are so silly as to pick the side of the bed she considered her own, you never will need calling in the morning, because she always pushes you out on the floor, and may even go so far as to say something about her "halidome" and what the Hades do you mean by being in her room at all? Her vanishing hour is about 4 a.m., so she does a bit of ghostly overtime. Anyway, you can't be late in getting up for the cub-hunt if you sleep in Arabella's room.

What a real good - looker she was, if her picture hung in the long gallery is really like her, and I don't wonder at her cousin having been so jealous of that young Ironside. Should have been myself at that age, but could never have brought myself to cut off so beautiful a head. This is one way of avoiding being late in the early dawn for this peep-o'-day form of fox-hunt—which really is the acid test of enthusiasm. Anyone can feel able to go like a scalded cat, or ought to be able to, about 11 a.m., after a breakfast of, say, two kidneys, some bacon, an egg, and a bit of cold pheasant, some marmalade and several cups of coffee, or, in the case of the fox-hunter of the spacious Edwardian habit, Hock and seltzer and perhaps a binder of old brandy out of a properly warmed goblet before he lights his corona-corona-corona as long as the mizzen-mast of a ketch.

Touching the matter of food for the early morning fox-hunt, no matter whether your night has been interrupted by Aunt Arabella or not, rum and milk and a dry biscuit or two are not so bad on a day when the morning air bites shrewdly,



AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG' — *"why be vague?"*

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

The A.A. and All That.

TO fast in a barrel seems to be the most popular profession in England now; and, as I shall presently show, it has certain points worthy of attention from the earnest aviator. Why, for example, should fasting in a barrel be more meritorious than fasting in an ordinary room? Perhaps the barrel is essential to the full flavour of the act. One must fast, so to speak, in the wood. Certainly fasting in a barrel has one notable advantage: it attracts the attention of the public. For some reason, people will talk about and pay to see a person fasting in a barrel where they will neither talk about nor pay to see a person fasting out of a barrel. It may be the juxtaposition of the conceptions of alcoholic excess and nutritional deficiency; of want in the midst of plenty; of wine on an empty stomach; of the tun and the tummy, that gives the act a kind of special appeal.

But whatever the nature of the appeal may be, it is positive that the act is not of great use. There are many things more useful that fail altogether to appeal to the public, and therefore fail to gain one ten-thousandth part of the attention. Among these unfortunate things have been, for long, the aeroplane landing-grounds of Great Britain. Somehow they were not "in the news." They had no human interest, and so they were not much talked about and not much encouraged. Yet it is axiomatic that the provision of landing-grounds is bound up with the development of flying, and especially of private and club flying. Until lately there was a risk that "The Air Pilot" would be the only source of information about landing-grounds.

"The Air Pilot" is an excellent work; but it is too eclectic—far "too good for human nature's daily food." It does not include some of those very landing-grounds that are particularly in demand from private aeroplane owners. There was a risk of these remaining unknown, and therefore unused, and of the people with aeroplanes being all dressed up and nowhere to go because they did not know where they could go. At one time, no doubt, it was sufficient that the facts about new landing-grounds should be passed on by word of mouth. But there are now too many of them, and there are too many private aeroplane owners for that method to be continued. So the Automobile Association has come to the rescue. Mr. Ivor McClure, who keeps his finger on the pulse of private flying and attends closely to the signs there manifest, saw the risks and appreciated the needs, with the result that the ubiquitous A.A. has now produced its Register of Landing Grounds.

The Register.

This Register must be acclaimed. Mr. Ivor McClure has done much for aviation; but he has done even more for the A.A., for he has so placed that body that, for the private aeroplane owner, membership is essential; it is more essential than membership of those organisations officially devoted to the advancement of flying. The Association provides everything that the private aeroplane owner wants, or at least everything he wants in the execution of his duty. It performs every service for him, and, what is most important of all, and what constitutes the unique feature of the service, it performs its work *knowingly*. Its aviation department shows in all its actions that it has understanding of the flyer's point of view, and sees what he wants directly and not indirectly and academically, or through the medium of books and second-hand small-talk.



SOME OF THE "CLOUD OF IONA'S" PASSENGERS

Miss Evelyn Whitelaw, Miss Irma Black (whose family used to own "Kailzie," in Peeblesshire) and Miss Grizel Davies, daughter of Sir Francis Davies. Since July, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and F/L. Gordon Murray have been piloting the "Cloud of Iona" between Greenock and Stornoway, and Edinburgh and Inverness.

There is no reason why the A.A. should be given a free advertisement. But I feel that those who help private flying now deserve all the support and all the acknowledgment they can be given.

The Register itself is supplied to members for 30s. a year. It gives the facts in somewhat the same manner as "The Air Pilot." There are large- and small-scale maps of the landing-ground at the top, and then the controlling authority, the regulations as to use, the surface, nearest telephone, nearest re-fuelling station, hotels, railway stations, and so on. I saw in the Register such places as Clifton Hampden, which is controlled by Major G. W. G. Allen; Londonderry, Yorks, the Newton House Hotel landing-ground; and Huyton Hill, the school landing-ground which Mr. H. D. Butler, the Headmaster of Huyton Hill School, was enterprising enough to establish.

Heston.

Captain Ferguson's navigation school at Heston is giving to Heston pupils that much-needed instruction in the methods of finding the way about the country. Instruction at this school is included by Airwork in their ordinary tuition fees, and the method has been amply justified. The more the attention of pupils can be directed at getting about the country the better, for the days of aerodrome flying are numbered. Another valuable new feature at Heston is that Airwork have now arranged for spare engines to be held by the Service department (Gipsy I., Gipsy II. and Gipsy III.), so that private owners who want their engines overhauled can take a replacement engine while the work is being done. Mr. Allan Muntz (I see, on looking through a previous number, that on that occasion I gave his initials wrongly), who has been back at Heston lately, will be returning to Egypt to continue his work with Misr Airwork S.A.E., which is the Airwork associated company in Egypt. Mr. R. P. G. Denman has recently returned from a visit to New York.



AT ROMFORD AERODROME

Mr. H. Rowarth, the handicapper, and Mr. Hugh Buckingham, of De Havilland's, in front of the Fox Moth in which the latter won the race to Clacton and back.



THE SPORTS SALOON

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Winner of highest awards for Elegance and Endurance in the principal British and Continental long distance Rallies and Reliability Trials.

The self-changing gear was introduced by Armstrong Siddeley in 1928 and is now accepted as the perfect transmission. The ease of changing, silence and elimination of a clutch or any other fitting have set a new standard of motoring.

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AMONG THE COCKTAILS

Anita Slimp, who grips the public's heart
And loves to lunch amid the truly smart,
Is running through her latest tragic 'part';
Forgetting that the Lounge is not the stage
She rises to declaim with noble rage,
And wrings a whimper from a hardboiled Page.

Fair women weep—strong men grow oddly gruff—
What need has she of interview or puff?
Such outbursts are Publicity enough,
And even when each palpitating speech
Reaches its climax in a ghastly screech,
She wisely keeps Abdulla within reach.

F. R. HOLMES.

TRY THE NEW ABDULLA SALISBURY
'TURKISH' OR 'VIRGINIA'
ONLY 5/- A HUNDRED

THE TERROR BY NIGHT

By
ALAN SULLIVAN



SHE was an aged lady with hard grey eyes and a long, thin chin, and lived with two maids in an old grey house well back from the highway. It had been her home, her only home, ever since she was born. There was a plantation in front bisected by a winding avenue that ran through clumps of rhododendrons. The house was of Kentish ragstone, low and ivy-clad, and the ivy—also very old—had strong arms as thick as a man's wrist.

She was reputed to be rich, it being known that her father had left her the family fortune and jewels, but she clung to the fortune and never wore the diamonds. Nor did she spend anything she could avoid spending and, when she went out, which happened but rarely, was always driven by the gardener in an ancient barouche with rusty metal work and scaling varnish. And she was quite without fear.

On a dull afternoon in autumn a man came to the door and asked for food—for anything she could spare. He was short and thick-set, with closely cropped hair, narrow, furtive eyes, and a broad, smooth face which had but little colour. He got nothing from her and went away muttering, but at the turn in the avenue he stepped off the drive and into the rhododendrons, where, seeing but not seen, he stood for some time staring back at the house.

When the clock struck ten the two maids retired to the servant's wing, a small "L"-shaped addition at the back, and the old lady, after picking unconsumed pieces of coal from the fire, went up to her own room carrying a candle. Night had fallen very dark, the sky being obscured by heavy clouds that

"She could see him backed against the open desk, mouth wide, arms outstretched, as though warding something off. He had a look of infinite horror and fear"

moved in an unbroken phalanx across the pallid scimitar of a young moon.

The candle shed a fluctuating light that seemed to be engulfed in the shadows of the chamber, but the old lady moved with complete assurance. Her wide, four-poster bed had its head against the west wall, and her desk, facing her, stood against the east. On the south side—that is on her right as she lay in bed—was a large triple window overlooking the drive and plantation. It was always left open, save when southerly gales drove in the rain.

The rooms on either side were empty except for a few pieces of massive Victorian furniture, and at the back of the upper hall a door led to the passage from which one reached the servants' annex.

The old lady undressed, put on a thick, woollen nightgown, a cap, snuffed the candle, and got into bed. Pushing her bony feet down between the sheets she felt for her hot-water bottle. It was not there.

(Continued overleaf)

The Terror by Night—cont. from p. 85

"Tchk! Tchk!" she exclaimed testily and, reaching for the bell-rope at her side, gave it a jerk. The rusty wire parted somewhere along the ceiling and fell, twisting, on her face. Thrusting it aside, she reflected a moment. Obviously the bell had not rung, and not wanting to get up again she doubled her thin knees and lay for some time till the slow coursing of her blood built around her a certain warmth.

So dark now was the night that she could hardly distinguish the open window but, screwing up her old eyes, she determined its outline like that of a large panel where the obscurity was a shade less opaque than elsewhere. Presently, very much alone, but feeling no nervousness whatever, she went to sleep, the waxen face and wisp of snowy hair blending miraculously with the pillow on which they rested.

On the main road, a mile from the house, a man was walking, every now and then stopping to listen. On either side were deep, hedge-bordered ditches, now dry, and whenever he discerned the headlights of an approaching car or lorry he would step down into the ditch, crouching low till the thing had passed.

At one point of his journey he noted a large field where a big conical tent had been erected. There were lights within, the sound of voices, and hammering blows from swinging mallets. In a semi-circle that ran half round the tent were a dozen caravans, and a group of men stood warming their hands at a glowing brazier. The man on the road, who was cold as well as hungry, felt tempted to try his luck, but with a shake of the head he went on without being observed. His soft, slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, coat collar up, and he walked on the soft ground paralleling the main road.

Presently, reaching the gate of the old lady's grounds, he halted for a few moments, listening very acutely, because for the last few hundred yards he had had an odd conviction that he was not quite alone. There was no movement in the air, no gleam of distant head-lights, and all he could distinguish was the faintest possible thump of mallets. He blinked, screwed up his face, which was broad and pale, and gave a shrug. Then he entered the avenue.

Here it was even darker than before. The gravel had become bone dry, so he walked very cautiously on the grass border, brushing against the rhododendrons, himself a part of the night, and almost as noiseless. Halfway to the house he stopped, his hair prickling a little.

He was not alone. He could swear to it. Nowhere was any movement distinguishable, no snap of twig or creak of trodden gravel, but there reached him somehow from somewhere a sort of disturbance of the atmosphere, as though the atmosphere nearby had a living, breathing occupant. He could not describe or explain this sensation; it was just a consciousness that would not be displaced, and he stood leaning a little forward, peering this way and that, turning his big head slowly, his hand gripping an object in his pocket.

Thus, for a full-minute. Then he made grimace, and moved on.

The avenue ended with a sweep round a small, circular lawn, and halting here amongst the last rhododendrons, the man listened again. Nothing reached him. The house was entirely dark. On the first floor he made out that two large windows

were closed, and the other, the central one, open. He examined this closely, because beneath it was a small porch to which the ivy clung in heavy, untrimmed masses. In a corner between the porch and main house wall were two heavy down-pipes, a foot apart, with strong iron clamps anchoring them firmly to the masonry. They made a sort of natural ladder.

With infinite care he examined both sides of the house, behind which was a high-walled vegetable garden. No other windows were open so he came back to the front, and stood at the foot of the drain-pipes listening again. The faint hammering had ceased, and there was at times the far-removed hoot of a car or rumble of a train. Save for this the world seemed empty of life and motion.

Testing his weight with every inch of progress, he began to climb, flattening himself into the angle. The frightened cheep-cheep of a startled bird that dashed into his face made him start, but he reached the slate roof of the porch without mishap and very slowly lifted his head to the level of the window sill.

His narrow eyes were very keen, with the ability to discern in the dark much more than can be seen by ordinary vision, and slowly the contents of the room took on definition and shape.

First, the bed, white at one end where he knew would be a face. He distinguished the desk, wash-stand, sofa, and a large wardrobe. Also a door leading to another room behind. He could hear the old lady breathing.

It was while he waited thus, hardly breathing himself, that there came from the plantation the snap of a broken branch. He started but, peering down, could make out only the general blur. Then another sound, apparently from the same spot, of something stirring, a slight rustle of leaves and a sudden clatter of wings. Pheasant's wings! At this he gave a grin. 'Twas only a fox hunting in the night or, though he did not think so, a poacher.

Then he crooked his thigh over the window sill.

Some warning signal must have penetrated the old lady's consciousness, for she awoke or, rather, was snatched out of sleep with every faculty vitally alive and, lying there, her face a graven mask, she saw something dancing on the opposite wall. It was a patch of light the size of a saucer.

Instantly she realized the truth, and found it impossible to stir. The patch flickered on a picture frame, deserted that, and travelled horizontally till it reached the shelves above her desk. From there it moved downward and halted.

Rolling her eyes, but not daring to turn her head, she followed the thin beam to a dark shape that stood just inside the window. At this she became very weak, put out a stealthy hand toward the bell-rope—and remembered. Her breath came quickly in little sobs suppressed to soundless gasps and the remaining strength ran out of her. She wanted to cry out and tell the man to take what he wanted and be gone, but her tongue was too stiff.

She kept money in the desk and a jewel case that held the family diamonds she never wore. But she loved them as she loved no living thing and sometimes would spread them out on a table under the lamp, finger the glittering stones, and find in their cold crystalline gleam the not unwelcome refraction of her own frigid unyielding spirit. Now they were in peril.

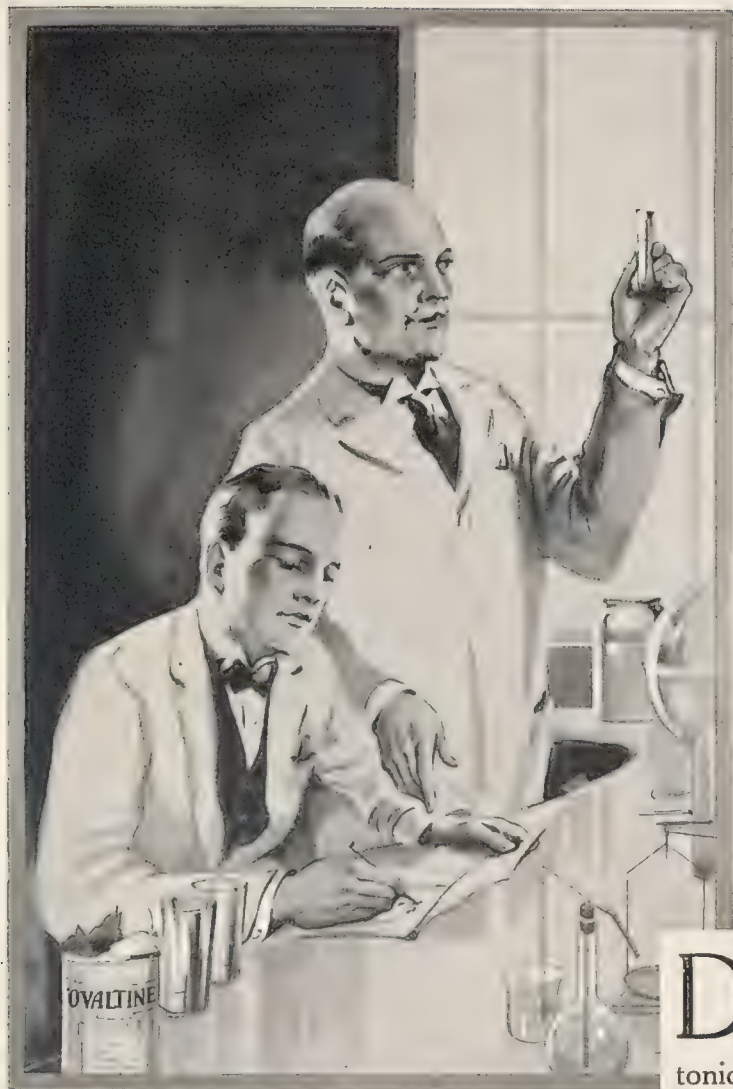
The beam shortened, dropping to the floor as the man moved toward the desk. It slid forward a shade in advance of himself, and once she saw the square toes of his boots though



SHOOTING IN HUNGARY: H.S.H. ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY DE NAGYBANYA

A picture taken in the woods at Gödöllő, which formerly belonged to the Hapsburgs. Admiral Horthy was elected Regent in 1920, and is Hungary's strong man. Hungary was re-constituted a Kingdom in 1920, after having been declared a Republic in 1918

(Continued on p. xiv)



Only 'Ovaltine' can give you 'Ovaltine' Quality

DO NOT make the mistake of confusing 'Ovaltine' with any other preparation. 'Ovaltine' is absolutely in a class by itself. It is the original and supreme tonic food beverage and is the best form of concentrated nourishment obtainable.

As an example of the great care taken to maintain the high quality of 'Ovaltine' the manufacturers number on their staff 3 Doctors of Science, 2 Doctors of Medicine and 12 qualified Chemists.

THE FOLLOWING POINTS ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE:—

'Ovaltine' is made from:

New-laid Eggs, from our own and selected farms.

Malt Extract, from English Barley, the finest the world produces.

Creamy Milk, brought daily from England's richest pastures.

Cocoa, which is added as a flavouring only, and is not relied upon for food value.

'Ovaltine' does NOT contain:

Starch—an undesirable feature in a tonic food beverage.

Household Sugar—for which no one wishes to pay a fancy price.

A large percentage of Cocoa—which does not compare favourably in assimilable food value with the other ingredients of 'Ovaltine.'

Note that delicious 'Ovaltine' contains no cheap ingredient to give it bulk and to lower the price.

Because of its acknowledged merit, 'Ovaltine' is widely prescribed by doctors and is in regular use in leading hospitals, sanatoria and nursing homes throughout the world. It is also relied upon as the best health-giving food beverage in thousands of homes.

'Ovaltine' quality cannot be sold cheaper. Indeed, it is only because of the unrivalled facilities the manufacturers possess that such remarkable value can be given at the present low prices.

It would, of course, be possible substantially to reduce the price of 'Ovaltine' by varying the proportions of its constituents, or by adding large percentages of cheaper ingredients—such as sugar or cocoa. But 'Ovaltine' would not then possess that supreme quality which distinguishes it from imitations.

Remember that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' have a universal reputation as scientists and specialists in the preparation of food products. Years of research and investigation resulted in the formula according to which 'Ovaltine' is prepared. The special and scientific process of manufacture was invented and perfected by them. This formula and process cannot be copied.

This is why imitations of 'Ovaltine'—in which malt, milk and eggs are not combined in the same proportions, and which contain large percentages of other ingredients—cannot possess the same health-giving properties.

'Ovaltine' is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy when you consider its superior quality—greatly in excess of the difference in price between it and imitations. Do not accept substitutes for 'Ovaltine' as being, in any sense, comparable with it. They are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine'."

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3

PETROL VAPOUR : W. G. ASTON

By

Somewhat Easier.

OLYMPIA is once more the centre of the automobile world, a little less magnificently brilliant and overwhelmingly big than of yore, but still very much the only thing of its kind and still very much a hotel-filler, as I rapidly discovered on seeking to get some rooms for friends.

Whilst during the past year a few fine old names have been expunged from the active list, for competition has been extremely keen, things in general have begun to look up and not a few of the survivors have, led by the august Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., returned to the joyful junketings which were once the inevitable mark of the Show period. That is all to the

good and, indeed, the British motor industry has very good reason to be proud of its recent performances and, in addition, the British motorist is nothing like so badly off as he might be. As a set-off against the smack in the eye that the oil companies lately gave—and it was but little less painful because it was to be expected—he now gets two pats on the back. One, already delivered, takes the form of roughly a 20 per cent. reduction in the price of tyres; the other, authoritatively promised (but not at the time of writing actually confirmed), a substantial reduction in the cost of car insurance. As to the first, by the way, I have not so far been bombarded with circulars from car manufacturers announcing new prices, but I suppose these will come in due time. As to the second, I well recognize the traditional futility of closely inspecting the dentition of buckshoe gee-gees, but the fact is that in this direction some concession has been long overdue. The rates of various houses are, of course, not all the same, but they have remained stationary for a good many years despite the introduction of numerous things that have all tended to make motoring safer, to say nothing of the compulsory third party scheme. These include better roads, better lighting of roads, automatic traffic control, more police and scouts on the highways, front-wheel braking, safety glass, direction-indicators, lower build of chassis, rear petrol tanks, easy-change gears, bumpers, etc. In the aggregate these must have enormously diminished the risks which the underwriters accept. Having always been assured, since the movement began, that motor insurance was not a paying proposition, I now take leave to deduce that someone has been kidding me. The gift horse (if and when it arrives) is something that we

have very fully paid for in the past, and I, for one, am certainly not going to smother the insurance folk with fulsome expressions of gratitude.

In any event neither their nor the tyre-maker's gesture is anything but a measure of self-defence. That extra three-pence on petrol was the last straw to many a camel, even if

he had been living in a fool's paradise. I'll bet, when the official figures are published, they will show that a huge number of cars were put into retirement for the dark days. The change in the population of the roads on October 2 was palpable to any observer. The police, of course, were very active, and I should think they made pretty good hunting. But isn't it rather patheti-

cally absurd that the ticket of leave they award to innocent and guilty alike is gummed on the back, so that after it has been officially affixed to the wind-screen it is infallibly washed off by the first shower of rain? Who is responsible for this fatuous nonsense?



LORD PORTARLINGTON AND LADY WARRENDER AT GLENEAGLES

The car is Lord Portarlington's new Continental model, Phantom II, which was designed for him by Windovers, Ltd. Sir Victor Warrender is the Member for Grantham and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household in the newly-arranged Cabinet

Arthur Owen



LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM AND LADY WELDON AT PHOENIX PARK

In the members' enclosure at Dublin's famous race-course. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter and Lady Weldon is the mother of Sir Anthony Weldon, and she has a house at Athy in Kildare

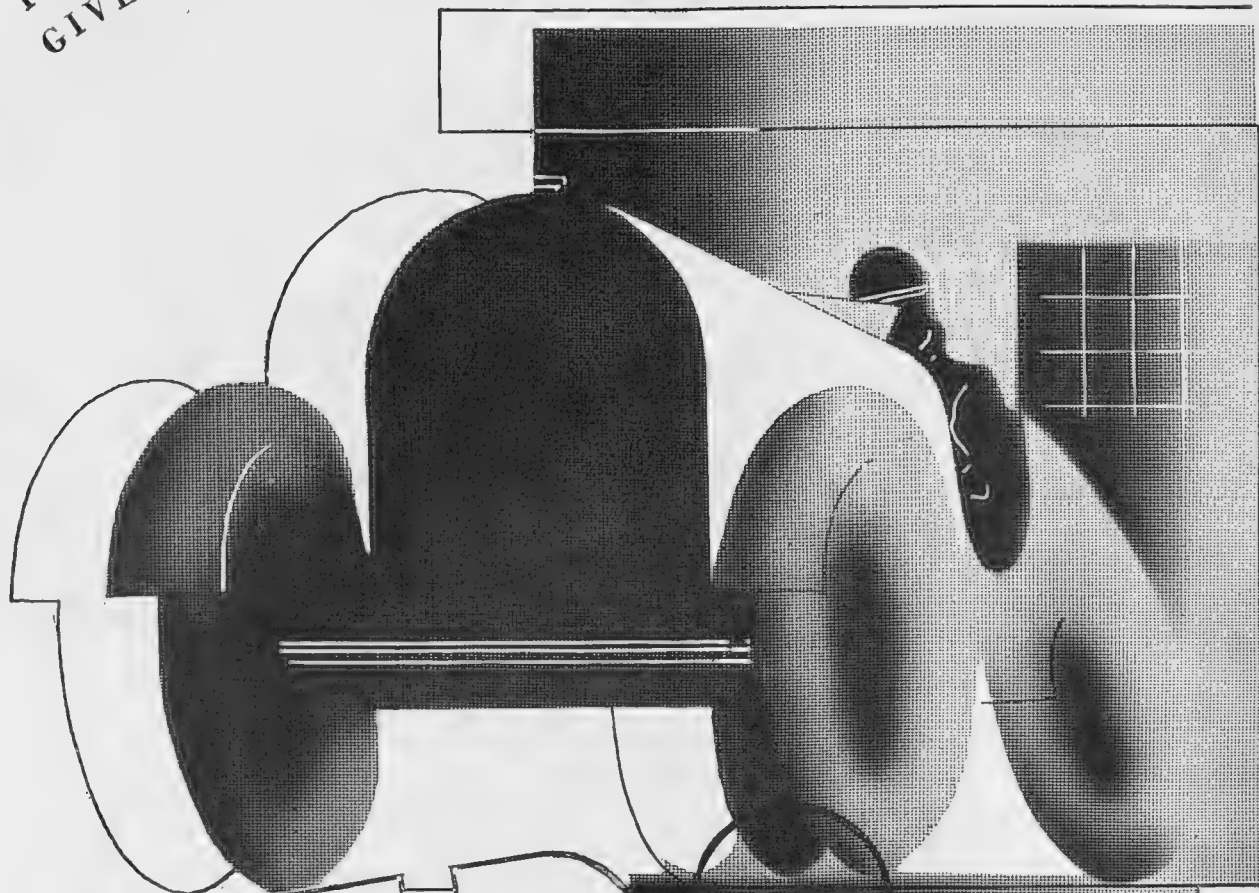
Self-Protection.

One firm of tyre manufacturers evidently has an eye to the main chance; it doesn't mind at all to whom it sells its india-rubber specialities. Its advertisement rather tickled me; this is how it runs, word for word: "Bandits! Be prepared. So-and-so rubber truncheon lays a man out without mess." So when after giving a kindly lift you get a softish but compelling swot on the head, you will know what has hit you. After this I shall not be surprised soon to see on the bookstalls the latest technical publication intitled "The Motor Bandit," fourpence weekly. Another supporter of this journal will no doubt be the makers of another device, which is supposed to be anti-bandit, but, as it seems to me, might not be without its uses in the hands of the cheerful fraternity. This was another gift horse, and I forebear to give it a name. Suffice it, that it is a sort of Roman candle (though non-fire-worky), full of a very fine and clinging red powder which, when you have hurled it at the miscreant, blinds and indelibly marks him. Oh yes, that is a wonderful powder. The postman handed in this weapon, the maid dropped the package in the hall, and I opened it under a rather poor light, with a red shade around it. Then I put it on one side and, having nothing better to do, put the car in. Was it my imagination, or did the garage hand really look at me a bit queerly? As I returned on foot I thought that

(Continued on p. vi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

FOR SPORTS AND RACING CARS —
GIVES RACING LUBRICATION TO TOURING MODELS



EMCKE

**AERU
SHELL
LUBRICATING
OIL.**



It had to be you: Miss Diana Fishwick, the new English Champion, being congratulated by her runner-up, Miss Beryl Brown, after their 36-holes final

something out of the way good in the way of a golfer. So it is to be hoped that everybody will now definitely take off their hats to Miss Fishwick, with a wave in passing to her very gallant runner-up, Miss Beryl Brown, and apologies to her that they have been in the habit of calling her no fighter.

When this chronicler broke off last week the final putt on the second day of the Championship had just rattled into the tin. Wednesday was the best golf of the whole championship, even if the semi-finals the day after were its equal in fighting. Miss Gourlay, for instance, had the sort of day on the Wednesday which might be labelled dramatic, even sensational. In the morning she had Miss Garnham to deal with, who had beaten her at Saunton and been beaten by her when Surrey played Essex. Both of them started a bit nervously, as if too anxious to win the rubber game, but Miss Gourlay was the more finished golfer and deserved her 3 and 1 win. In the same way she seemed just to have the measure of Miss Wanda Morgan in the afternoon. Miss Morgan had had an even more exhausting morning match than Miss Gourlay, for Miss Dorothy Pearson had holed so many putts of such outrageous length against her that Miss Morgan only got home on the 19th green. Her own putting is not her strongest point, and though she had bright and brilliant moments, like that 5-yard putt at the island hole after she had waded down into the burn, one could not help harbouring the conviction all through that Miss Gourlay was going to win, and win she did 2 and 1. That same afternoon Miss Fishwick had a truly thrilling time of it with Miss Mary Beard, the south-western champion. Miss Beard had been picked out as one of the young players of real possibilities, and it certainly looked as if "possibility" ought to be written "probability" when, after a give-and-take match, she was 1 up at the 13th, and with a 4-ft. putt waiting to be holed at the 14th to make her 2 up. She missed it, and then the luck definitely decided to back Miss Fishwick, for she holed off Miss Beard's ball at the 15th and stymied her at the 17th. The 18th was even more cruel, for there Miss Fishwick holed her chip for a 3 and Miss Beard's for a half went into the hole only to come out again.

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

By now surely Miss Diana Fishwick must have silenced the critics? Two Girls' Championships running, runner-up in the English, winner of the Open, winner of the French, and now winner of the English, age twenty-one, sounds like

"Last eight" nearly always sees the worst golf of the Championship, and it certainly was so at Ashdown next morning, but there was plenty of excitement since Mrs. Guedalla, Miss Fishwick, and Miss Beryl Brown could only win on the last green, and that when Miss Brown had never been up until the 13th against Miss Gourlay. As for the afternoon, the fighting was more gallant than the golf was good before Miss Fishwick beat Mrs. Guedalla at the 19th, and yet one could not help admiring the pluck of Miss Fishwick for standing up to Mrs. Guedalla's recoveries, or Mrs. Guedalla for many first-class shots.

Miss Brown was the heroine of the afternoon, for she was 2 down at the 12th to Miss Bailey, won the 13th in 3 and the 14th in 2, and was 1 up for the first time of the round at the 19th.

As for the final there were those 6 successive halves to start with, and then away went Miss Fishwick with Miss Brown hanging on bravely to her skirts, and pulling her back with a real tug in the afternoon, so that 9 up and 12 to go dwindled to 5 up and 4 before Miss Fishwick could call herself English Champion.

Poor Miss Fishwick. After all that, and a strenuous week-end into the bargain, doctor's orders were a week of bed, and so there was no Ranelagh for her. Miss Cecil Leitch nobly stepped into the breach to partner Miss Diana Esmond, and so the first Autumn Foursomes under "Bystander" management led off with a great fanfare of trumpets, Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Gourlay, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, Miss Pentony, the first American entrant (Miss Grace Amory), the first Swedish (Frau Bauer and her sister), and a very welcome French contingent.

The weather, too, smiled, and if wasps were a summer manifestation which might have been dispensed with, at all events a wasp sting and consequent curative onion did not stop Mrs. Royston Mills from partnering Miss Marshall to a 7 and 6 win, so maybe the onion made the opponents weep more than herself. Big wins, though, were not really fashionable. Miss Gourlay and Miss Bastin, to be sure, indulged in one of the same margin, playing perfect golf to do it, so did Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Mrs. Percy, and Mrs. Vernon Miles and Miss Spurr, but to be really *à la mode* a match had to go to the 19th, or beyond. Miss Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Proven, for example, went to the 23rd before beating Mrs. Clive Matthews and Miss M. Cancellor,

(Continued on p. vi.)



Semi-finalists in the English Championship: Miss Sylvia Bailey and (right) Mrs. H. Guedalla. The latter won this event in 1927



At Ranelagh: Miss Dorea Stanhope, Miss J. Hill, Miss Diana Esmond, and Miss Cecil Leitch competing in the Autumn Foursomes promoted by "The Bystander." Miss Leitch took Miss Diana Fishwick's place as Miss Esmond's partner

READY TO WEAR



Photograph by Shaw Wildman

winter
coats
with the
new slim
line

Fur-trimmed . . .
deliciously warm . . .

The Hon. Mrs. Bernard found the very coat she wanted—in just her own size—in our READY TO WEAR Department. The photograph will show you that the big curly-lamb collar and the straight slim lines of the coat are distractingly becoming. This tweed can be had in seven lovely colours, and the fur collars come in various smoke greys and browns. It only costs **12½ gns**—and no charge for alterations

FORTNUM & MASON

READY TO WEAR DEPT., 182 PICCADILLY

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TELEPHONE: REGENT 8040

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



IN a season when lace is extremely fashionable Adderly and Co., Market Place, Leicester, have assembled in their salons an attractive collection; the evening dress on the left is of angel-skin lace accompanied by a cape that may be arranged to suit the wearer, and of it one may become the possessor for $12\frac{1}{2}$ guineas; this includes the decorative spray of flowers. The model worn by the seated figure is primarily destined for the débutante; it is expressed in black or coloured taffeta; enriched with ruches it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. By the way, a new note is struck by the silk and wool woven underwear; there are vests with low backs, the waists being emphasized with a simulated woven band threaded with the finest elastic

As useful novelties have a special appeal at this date in the calendar attention must be drawn to the "wonder" cloth that has gone into residence at Adderlys. It is not a chemical preparation and costs $10\frac{1}{2}$ d.; it produces a good lather with very little soap; it is estimated that it saves about 75 per cent. of soap. It will clean anything including windows, doors, and baths, sinks, and all kinds of crockery and glass. When it is dirty it can be instantly cleaned by rinsing in water. By the way, it will also remove dog hairs from carpets, velvets, and furniture. Furthermore when passed over the skin it massages it, opens the pores, and helps the blood to circulate. For little girls there are "Her First Umbrella" for 2s. $11\frac{1}{2}$ d.



SOME WOMEN make a masterpiece of every gown they wear. Fabrics cling and fall more graciously when worn by them. Colours glow more softly. A lovely, dull, peachlike bloom enhances every fold of every gown.

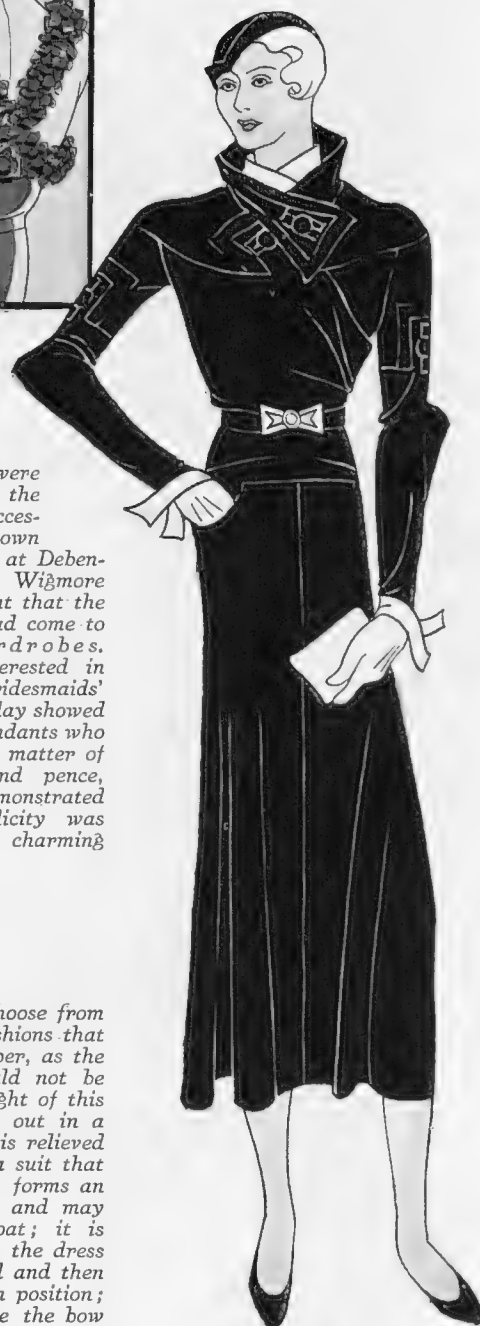
Gowns live longer. Colours do not fade. Bloom suffers nothing from washing or cleaning. The secret is simplicity itself . . . these are the women who insist on fabrics made from 'Celanese.'

The reason is in 'Celanese'

Sole Manufacturers of
Celanese Yarn and Fabrics and proprietors of the trade mark 'Celanese': **BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.**

THE
HIGHWAY
OF
FASHION
—continued

FOR DAY
AND
EVENING
WEAR



Sensational modes were eliminated from the frocks, wraps, and accessories that were shown at the Dress Parade at Debenhams and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It was evident that the leaders of fashion had come to replenish their wardrobes. Debutantes were interested in the brides' and bridesmaids' dresses; the first display showed a bride and her attendants who had to consider the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, while the second demonstrated that graceful simplicity was rather costly and charming.

It was an exceedingly difficult task to choose from the infinite variety of models just the fashions that would appeal to the readers of this paper, as the colour schemes were lovely and they could not be reproduced in black and white. On the right of this page is seen a black jumper suit carried out in a new wool fabric; the rather high neckline is relieved with white and so are the cuffs. It is a suit that although smart will do yeoman service, it forms an ideal background for fox and lynx stoles and may be worn with a fur or other wrap coat; it is 8½ guineas. The characteristic feature of the dress on the left is the sleeves; they are slashed and then net is introduced to hold the "fragments" in position; the cost is 10½ guineas; telling touches are the bow at the back and the rosette of white petals on the left side. The black satin evening dress at the top of the page shows the newest phase of the twisted cross-over; it is a dress that must be seen in order that it may be truly appreciated, and then the puff sleeves really are charming; it is 12½ guineas. Ten-and-a-half guineas is the cost of the black chiffon evening gown, on the right of which a back view is given; double wreaths of petals are arranged in cart-wheel formation; they cross-over at the back

M. J. Sullivan

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with toilet preparations bought at **BOOTS!**

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All the other well-known beauty preparations as well as Boots popular lines. All your own special favourites, at the Boots shop just a few

streets away—in exactly the shades, the sizes, the perfumes, and the containers you like best. If it is to be had in town, you will find it at Boots shop with a courteous Boots assistant at your service.

—Fresher goods at Boots

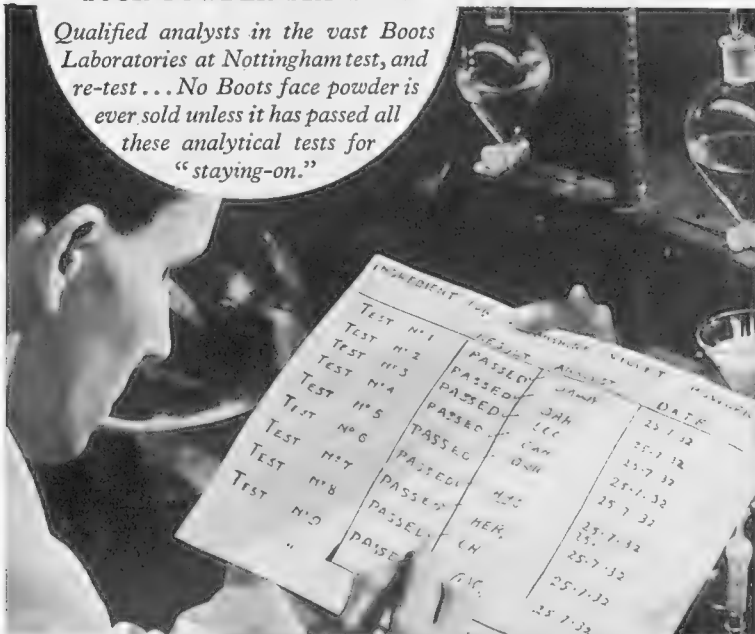
Cold Cream, just like ordinary cream, is better the fresher it is. So it is with all your beauty preparations—it is wise to buy them where you can be sure they are fresh! That is one of the big advantages in shopping at Boots. Over 129 million customers are served at Boots shops every year. So the turnover of stock is enormous. Everything is of the freshest at Boots!



Nice to know you always look cool and fresh—no matter how busily you work or play. But only the highest-quality powders will stay on like this—powders that have been properly tested.

YOUR POWDER STAYS ON

Qualified analysts in the vast Boots Laboratories at Nottingham test, and re-test... No Boots face powder is ever sold unless it has passed all these analytical tests for "staying-on."



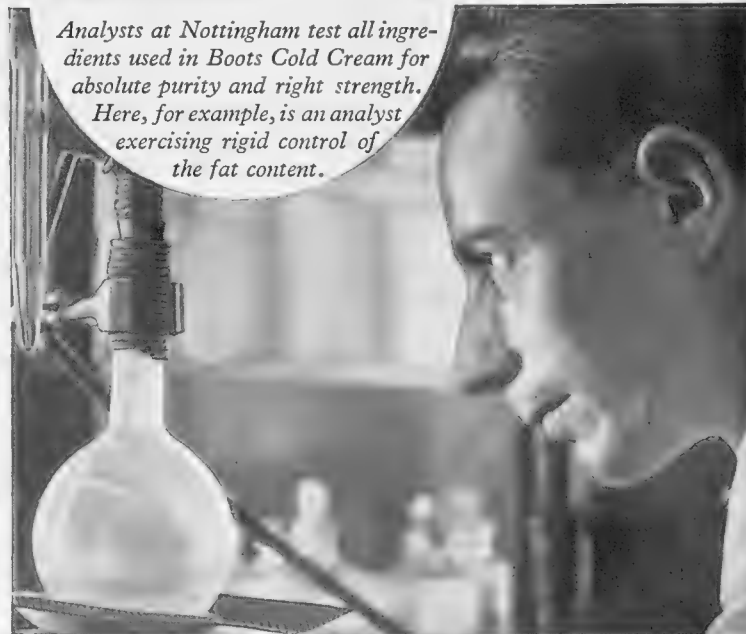
TEST N°	RESULT	ANALYST	DATE
TEST N°1	PASSED	JAH	25-7-32
TEST N°2	PASSED	CCC	25-7-32
TEST N°3	PASSED	CAN	25-7-32
TEST N°4	PASSED	OWH	25-7-32
TEST N°5	PASSED	CCC	25-7-32
TEST N°6	PASSED	CAN	25-7-32
TEST N°7	PASSED	OWH	25-7-32
TEST N°8	PASSED	CCC	25-7-32
TEST N°9	PASSED	CAN	25-7-32
TEST N°10	PASSED	OWH	25-7-32



After a busy day pores need cleansing. Unless the ingredients in your cold cream are absolutely pure, it will not be smooth enough to penetrate deep down and really clean the pores.

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Imperial Pint 1/9
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Delightful for the bath; for washing and freshening the face; as an astringent after shaving; and sprayed for freshening rooms. Amazingly inexpensive.

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OVER 950 SHOPS . . . THERE IS ONE NEAR YOU . . . WHY NOT STOP THERE TODAY WHEN YOU SHOP?

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham



This pure wool jumper bears the name of Pesco and is from the house of Peter Scott, Hawick; it is sold practically everywhere and is available in many different colour combinations

Freedom for the Modern Woman.

Women to-day are vitally competent, a splendid force in the world, and well fitted to face the problems that confront them, and the reason for this is that their bodies are no longer hampered or distorted but are allowed freedom for natural development. There were many crusades against the unnatural figure, but nothing was of any avail until fashion took the matter in hand. Now the figure must have support without compression; it needs a kindly guiding hand, as superfluous tissue must not be allowed its own sweet will and take up a position in unattractive places. Attention must be called to the all-British Charnaux corset belts; they are made on one plan, and that is of fitting every figure so as to provide absolute comfort and graceful symmetry; naturally there are several types. Among their other advantages is that they are as light as lace, hygienic, washable, and cool to wear. The perforations that are arranged in an intricate pattern give support or play where each is needed. They promote activity of the abdominal muscles and gently but definitely massage away superfluous tissue. They are sold by practically all outfitters, but should difficultly be

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Charnaux, 27, Riding House Street, Great Portland Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent, together with illustrated brochure.

* * *

A Further Development of the Charnaux.

The success that has attended the Charnaux belt is responsible for a further development of this all-important accessory, and that is special garments for the well-developed woman; they embody all the excellent features of the belt, and others that are necessary for women who have more superfluous tissue than they consider becoming. Instead of fastening at the side they have a back lacing and a front fastening, and specially strengthened suspenders. They give balance to the figure and, as a consequence, have a slimming effect; neither must it be overlooked that they give support without pressure; they wear well, and it is capital news that they are only £3 3s.

* * *

The Charnaux Brassière Arrives.

Another piece of good news is that the Charnaux Brassière has arrived; it is destined to be worn in conjunction with the corset belt; it is made like the belts from an Anotex product, with special lace insertions which care for the busts. Furthermore, they have a diaphragm control which is indispensable to women who like to wear tuck-in blouses and jumpers. They are the ideal foundations for wearing with dresses of the Empire and Princess characters; and as the movements of the wearer are never handicapped, women who hunt and play golf have set their stamp of approval on them.

* * *

Trifles, Useful and Ornamental.

The recent frosts have turned the thoughts to warm wrappers swiftly followed by the vision of Margery Willis' (23, Brompton Road—seven doors from Sloane Street) salons. She is making a feature of break-fast jackets in wool, showing a honeycomb design, which is darned with silken threads, in all sizes; they are only 6s. 11d. There are Shetland wool bedroom wrappers for 29s. 6d., those for sleeping being 16s. 11d. Lambs' wool dressing-gowns are 21s. 9d.



The new brassière note is present in this pure wool Pesco jumper; the sleeves have a slight fall-over in the vicinity of the elbow and are subsequently tight-fitting to the wrists



QUALITY MAINTAINED BUT PRICES LOWERED

BRADLEYS wish to emphasise the fact that, in spite of "difficult times" and "depressions," they have not lowered their class of business at all. Quality of materials and workmanship is being kept up to their usual high standard—but owing to the low price level of materials, etc., they are able to quote considerably lower prices now than for very many years past.

A very attractive TWO-PIECE COAT and GOWN is shown on the left and sitting figures (with part back of coat on extreme right). Made in novelty lainage, with coat of heavier weight and trimmed with Australian Opossum of new blue or sable shades. In black, navy, bordeaux, rouge, and brown.

Sizes 42 to 48 hips. TWO-PIECE COMPLETE 10½ gns
MODEL B201 is a charming coat in new diagonal
Tweeds, with large collar of Lamb. 12½ gns

A RUGBY LETTER—continued from p. 60

his excellent book on the game, recently published, far too much fuss is made about the laws. Let us get on with the game.

The Light Blues are due at Twickenham next Saturday, and will doubtless attract a lot of attention. For six or eight weeks both Universities will be eagerly watched, and then, after the big match on December 6, they will sink into obscurity for the rest of the season. This is all wrong, and there is absolutely no reason why the 'Varsity match should not be deferred until late in February. The advantages are obvious, and have been pointed out often enough. What is wanted is a personality strong enough to step forward and take the responsibility.

As usual the Oxford fixtures are rather an unknown quantity, and a search of the invaluable "Rugby Football Annual" does not disclose them all. They are, however, due to play the O.M.T.'s next Saturday at Teddington, and they, too, will attract a good deal of attention. The hope is being freely expressed that there will be more Englishmen in the side this season; last December only one outside was English, J. A. Adamson, the full back. That the selection of the side was not faultless is shown by the omission of S. L. Waide, the Irish International, the best wing three-quarter at either University.

Bristol made a bad start this season, but they now appear to be pulling themselves together, and their clean-cut victory over Gloucester must have delighted their supporters. They should be the strongest side in England, with plenty of talent fore and aft, but this season they are likely to be strongly challenged by Blackheath and others. They are due at Twickenham on November 5, and the 'Quins should give them an excellent game.

"HARLEQUIN."

PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 88

merely striking good looks could hardly make the people stare so much. It was when, "acting on a little known principle," I called for a drink that I got the set-back. "Lummy!" cried Hebe, "you ain't 'arf cut yer fice shivin'." I turned to a glass and beheld a fearsome sight. The appalling crimson powder was, thanks to the candle being leaky, all over my unhappy hands, lips, chin, and cheeks! Funny how one does, unconsciously, touch one's face. And let me tell you the stains take a deuce of a lot of shifting. I do not think I shall carry this apparatus in my immaculate light-green Siddeley. It seems to me a bit too much of a two-edged sword. But, no doubt, it would be an effective affair.

Highly Intriguing.

I have just been trying the new S.S.1, the sporting car that has a lowered and hotted Standard 16 or 20 chassis, thanks to the courtesy of Henlys, and I like it very much. Generally speed models, special models, and sports models frighten me a little, because they do not give enough room for my enlarging *corpus vile*, but in this case there are no objections on that score. Far from it. What used to be a two-seater, with just room for an Andaman Islander at the back, is now a genuine four-seater; that is to say, it will really hold, and hold comfortably, four full-sized persons. The curious thing is that in despite of this greatly-improved accommodation the new S.S.1 is much more taking in appearance. Its line is more graceful, and it is altogether better proportioned. It is not quite so "bonnety," and the wings and running boards being in one sweep are not only effective, but pleasing to the eye.

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 90

and the 20th hole was where Mrs. Southwood Jones and Mrs. Rees got home from Miss Newell and Miss Peech, and Mrs. Ayscough and Mrs. Crane from Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Huggins, just as Miss Aline de Gunzbourg and Miss Grace Amory did from Mrs. Beard and her daughter, Mary. That was a great match, and Miss de Gunzbourg's putt at the 18th and chip at the 20th certainly deserved all they won—which, by the time these words are in print may have reached to an aneroid, a set of coffee cups, or even the challenge cups themselves. Who knows?

Nobody, for instance, suspected anything happening to Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Doris Chambers. But they had their lapses, Mrs. Alec Johnston and Mrs. Crombie made the most of them and got home on the last green. Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Esmond narrowly escaped a like fate as Miss Wethered, for Miss Stanhope and Miss Julia Hill chased them gallantly, and only went down fighting on the last green.

If you wanted a sad story of great golf unrewarded you only had to hear tell how Miss Joy Winn and Miss Elsie Corlett had had four 3's running and been round in 70, but, giving 6 strokes, had gone out to a 3 at the 19th. That was at the hands of last year's Roehampton winners, Mrs. C. H. Parry and Miss D. M. Hardie, who had every reason to be extremely proud of themselves. So had Miss Pyman and Miss Cornewell, who finished with four 3's all in a row, or the holders, Miss White and Miss Nan Baird for beating Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Barnes Gorell.

There were doughty deeds at Roehampton amongst the longer handicaps—19th-hole wins by Miss Tozer and Miss Collum, by Mrs. Rex Cumberlege and her daughter, by Miss Sowdry and Miss Forbes. How dare one suggest who might, or might not, go through at either place?

Beauty to beauty doth enchantment lend . . .

Even under the merciless eye of the camera, Constance Bennett can be sure of her loveliness—yet even loveliness like hers can draw an added beauty from the pearl. Real pearls or Ciro pearls—twins in beauty and in the bestowing of beauty!

★ Whether you pay £1. 6. 0. for the actual Necklet Miss Constance Bennett is wearing—a copy of a fine natural pearl Necklet—or—say—£10. 10. 0. for an authentic reproduction of a Necklet composed of the very rarest pearls, you can be sure of possessing the absolute equivalent in colour, lustre and orient of the particular type of real pearl which appeals to you most.

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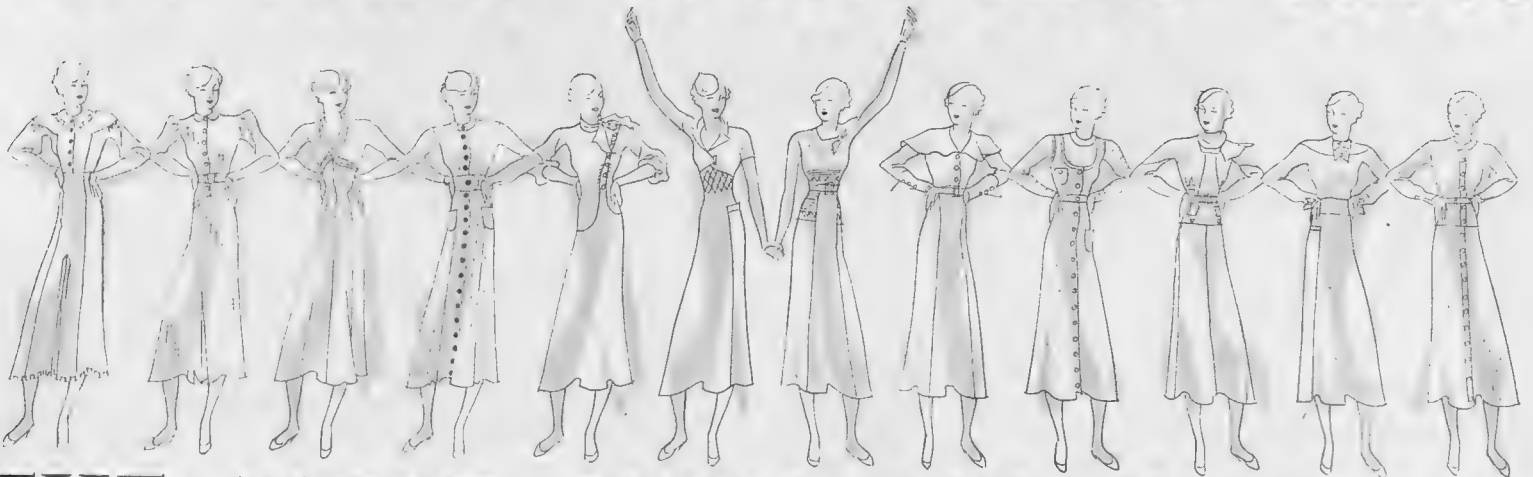
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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 80

to smoke what Scotsmen call the "dottle" (not sure if that's spelt right) out of their pipes. Anyway it's the fag end of the charge, the bit that Sherlock Holmes used to collect and smoke when he had a more than usually hideous murder problem to solve. You can have coffee if you like, but t'other stuff is very soothing and comforting.

Then presupposing, as aforesaid, that you are hacking on with your host—out you go into the court-yard, still in darkness—stars shining if lucky—foggy if not lucky. "That's yours," says the M.F.H. "the brown with a blaze and two white stockings!" and through the murk you make for a long white blur and two shorter ones lower down. Don't worry about the groom's polite query as to whether "they're the right length"—get up and alter them as you go, but get 'em right, more or less, before you go through the bridle-gate into the park, for if he is half a horse he's certain to hump his back when you kick him into a canter to follow the M.F.H. down the slope towards the kennels. He does not mean to be vulgar when he lets fly that brace of kicks and a hog—it's only that the saddle's still cold on his back and because he can hear the notes of his friends wafted up-wind from the kennels. No steed that doesn't show a bit of emotion when he hears that is likely to be much good—at least I don't think so. When he's with his friends, and the jog-along starts, you can knot the reins, stick your whip under your off leather and light your

pipe; he's as quiet and contented as can be! Still so dark you can only just see their sterns bobbing through the ground mist, so it is no good the Master telling you to look at that light coloured old bitch by Brocklesby Aimwell and asking you if you don't think she's a lot better looking than the Quorn Wonderful, or that bitch the Duke won with last Peterboro. Say "Yes!" any old how and ask him what the one just in front of her is. It will all make pleasant conversation.

As to the raiment suitable for the cub-hunt, you cannot do better than run over Mr. Polonius' words of wisdom to his son: Never overdress at any time, and a good general working rule is a studied desolation coupled with equipment *point de device* in the essentials. Some people like coloured handkerchiefs round their necks of the pattern popular with the Pirates of Penzance—others go for those neat things in blue and other colours with birds' eye spots—but don't come out in what they call nowadays a "pull-over" with a high turn-up collar.

Just one thing more for those who may think I am right about this matter of absorbing as much atmosphere as possible in order to increase the enjoyment and enthusiasm of the hunt; it is not a bad plan to be in some house overnight whence, provided the wind is in the right direction, you can hear hounds "singing." Some people have said that they do it because they are unhappy and liken it to the wolf baying at the moon. I'm certain that that is all nonsense; hounds sing because they like doing it and are far from unhappy.



AT THE MID-SURREY DRAGHUNT HORSE AND HOUND TRIALS
These trials took place last week over Highfield Farm, Epsom (their kennels), and in this group are Mrs. Howard, the wife of the Master, Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Nicholls, Miss R. Strange, Mrs. Rice, and Miss Eileen Welsh. They usually have about sixteen couples of hounds in kennel, and the country they hunt is round Cobham, Reigate, Epsom, Banstead, and thereabouts and so forth



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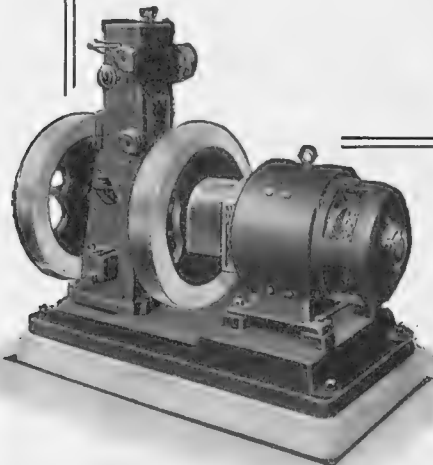
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad.

On November 3, Mr. Michael O'Dwyer is marrying Miss Jane Woodroffe-Foster, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta; also in Calcutta is the wedding between Mr. F. G. Roberts of 20, Belvedere Road, Calcutta, and Miss Rankin,

which is to be on November 22; and some time in January Mr. Guy Erskine Henderson, the son of the late Mr. Edward Erskine and Mrs. Henderson of Thackham, Hartley Wintney, is marrying Miss Katharine Mildred (Bunt) Kingsford, the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Kingsford of Woking, and the wedding will take place in Bombay.

Coming Weddings.

Mr. E. F. Shannon and Miss Aline MacIver are to be married on October 22 at Blaisdon Church; the 25th is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Ralph Houghton Sewell and Miss Barbara Helen

Lawrence, which is to be at St. Peter's Church, South Weald; and early in November Mr. Frederick Colmore Nodder and Miss Betty Aitken are being married.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Frederick William Vernon-Wentworth, the younger son of Captain Vernon-Wentworth, R.N., and Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth of Black-Heath, Saxmundham, Suffolk, and Miss Doris Mary Turner, the only daughter of Dr. A. Turner and the late Mrs. Turner of Kelvedon House, Kelvedon, Essex; Mr. Arthur Arnold Seldon, District Officer, Kenya, the elder son of the late Mr. A. F. Seldon of Barnstaple, and Mrs. Seldon of Braunton, Devonshire, and Miss Evelyn Betty Ross, the younger daughter of the late Mr. David A. Ross and Mrs. Ross of Thelma, Hollywood, Co. Down; Mr. John Fewings, M.A., of St. Andrew's School, Eastbourne, and Miss Cordelia Parr, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Parr of Hucknall, Notts.



MISS MARION SALE

Hay Wrightson

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Sale of 7, Belgrave Square, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Ronald Francis Jayne, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Jayne of Lisbon



MISS YVONNE MARLING

Kay Vaughan

Who is going to marry Mr. Gustaf G. Rennell Rodd, the youngest son of the Right Hon. Sir James Rennell Rodd and Lady Rodd of 39, Bryanston Square, is the elder daughter of Sir Charles Murray Marling of 2, Belgrave Place, S.W.

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Show of the Scottish Kennel Club on September 28 and 29 was a great success. Entries were up on last year, and there were more dogs. Cairns were the biggest entry, followed by cockers, but other breeds were also good. As usual gun-dogs were well represented, Miss Brodrick winning the bitch certificate in Labradors with Hornton Dorcas; Baroness Burton and Mrs. Wingfield Digby took the certificates in keeshonds, while many other of our members were showing and winning in their respective breeds. There was a large and interested crowd of spectators and the gate must have been good.

Members are now reminded to prepare for our Members' Show, which is to be held at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, on November 29. This hall is not the



CAIRN TERRIER

The property of Baroness Burton



POYANG

Thos. Hall

The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

old one where our shows were held in former years, but is the new and most commodious one. It is beautifully lighted and warmed and easily accessible to all parts of London as well as for the country. It is now up to members to make this show as great a success as the Open Show.

tains its popularity is the cocker, and for the same reasons, as the cocker is a delightful companion and friend as well as a most sporting little dog. At the present time red cockers are the fashion, and it is therefore interesting to see a picture of a red cocker puppy bred by Mrs. Gow, who specializes in this colour. She has done very well at shows, and many winners have come from her kennels. Mrs. Gow has a brother of this puppy for sale, three months old, so just the age to start a new life.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Some few weeks ago I gave a picture of Lady Faudel-Phillips's beautiful cream chow bitch, Li Chin of Amwell. This bitch became a full champion at Brighton Show; her certificates have been awarded by Mr. Crabtree at Taunton, Mrs. Clemerson at Darlington, and now Mrs. Jones at Brighton. This is an event of some importance to chow owners, as Li Chin is the first chow of that colour to be awarded a certificate at all. In this connection it is interesting to see the picture of the famous cream dog, Poyang, owned by Lady Faudel-Phillips in pre-war days. Poyang won many firsts, but owing to the prejudice against his colour was never awarded a certificate. Lady Faudel-Phillips has some lovely puppies for sale at present, both sexes, reds and blacks. She also wishes to sell to a good home a charming red bitch, two years old; she would make an excellent house companion, and would go for a very moderate price to a suitable home.

The recent show at Edinburgh proved the popularity of the cairn terrier; this little dog becomes more popular the better he is known. The cairn is a most delightful dog as he is exceedingly game and intelligent, and has a whole-hearted devotion to one person, which is very attractive. Baroness Burton has a famous kennel of cairns which is well known everywhere. She sends a head study of one of them, which shows what a true type they are.

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The Terror by Night—continued from p. 86

the rest of him was but a formless hulk, a more solid part of the general darkness. Like an automaton she raised her head ever so slightly that she might see over the footboard of the four poster. Her heart quivered like a dying bird, but held by some horrid fascination she wanted to know how the thing would be done.

Now he was between her and the desk, his back toward her, nor could she be sure of more than that till she heard the faint familiar creak of an opening drawer. At the same time the man turned toward her, the beam vanished, and there followed an instant of appalling stillness during which she wondered if he could not hear her heart fluttering. She longed to scream out that he might have the money, but the diamonds he must not touch, and could only lie there corpselike save for her palpitating brain.

Next came the snap of a yielding lock, a small sharp sound, very distinct, and she heard the man give a grunt. Again he wheeled round in her direction, and this time the beam began to travel along the floor till it reached the bed. When it crept by inches up to the coverlet, she tried to pray, and shut her eyes tight. Soon it was on the pillow, close beside her face, and she could distinguish it through the thin membrane of her lids, and knew that her features, though not directly illuminated, must have been clearly visible. Her body turned to ice, and she could not have stirred to save her life.

Thus for an instant, while out of the dark a threatening gaze rested on her. Then the man seemed satisfied and continued his work. There was a rustle of notes, a clink, a smothered ejaculation, and in the middle of this, another sound made not by her or the intruder.

It came from the window.

Something or someone else was just perceptible by the darkening at the opening, a bulk with wide shoulders and small bullet head. The old lady's eyes sharpened by long-drawn terror, could determine this much. The man must have seen it too, and from him came a quick indrawing of breath. But he stood quite motionless and extinguished the electric torch.

Her brain, now working like an express train, gave way to ridiculous fancies. Two burglars! Or was this a police officer? But an officer would not wait there, crouching, doing nothing. Then which was it—a rival thief or an impatient confederate?

There came another sound. The first man for a fraction of a second had turned his torch toward the window, and the old lady caught one fleeting glimpse of a dark face, indescribably malignant, with yellow teeth and slits of eyes. It passed instantaneously, the mere flicker of an

impression, but with its passing the silence was broken and the first man gave an incoherent exclamation. He had dropped the torch. It fell pointing toward him, and she could see him, backed against the open desk, mouth wide open, arms outstretched as though warding something off. He had a look of infinite horror and fear.

Then, all in a second, the silence of night was shattered as the newcomer lurched forward. The two grappled. In the obscurity rose horrid choking noises, and a gasping cry of "Oh God!" that trailed out in a dwindling whimper. There was a heavy thud. Now the two were on the floor, rolling, panting. They rolled against the end of the four-poster, shaking it violently, and the old lady prepared to die.

Then back towards the desk. Here, abruptly, all sound ceased save for one dull, muffled sort of crack, followed by a scraping, a cough, and a low, unhuman chuckle. Then she became aware that the window opening was again darkened by a broad-shouldered bulk, she heard a rustle of displaced ivy and the clatter of a loosened slate. After this, a silence.

She did not know how long she lay there, but thought she must have fainted, for when next she became conscious the night was clear, and the light of a naked moon streamed palely into the room. Blinking, she saw the open desk, an overturned chair, the sofa with its cover ripped, a table upset. Now that the money and diamonds had gone she was not afraid any more, though still very weak, and sat up.

At this moment she saw the thing. The moonlight, coming from due south, made a long narrow panel on the floor just clear of the foot of the fourposter, and projecting into this was a man's head. The eyes were wide and bulging, the tongue extruded, the cheeks swollen and purple. But that was not all. With a sudden access of horror, she discerned that though the man lay on his chest, his face was turned directly upward as though the neck worked on a swivel.

At this sight she sprang from her bed, darted into the hall and along the passage, and began to beat frantically at the door of the maids' room.

It was just about this time that half a mile away an excited man began to hammer at the door of one of the caravans that made a semi-circle round the great conical tent.

"Boss!" he called insistently. "Boss! Wake up!"

The door opened. Another man appeared in pyjamas, and stood rubbing his drowsy eyes.

"What in hell's the matter now?"

"Pretty bad, boss. That new gorilla got out somehow last night. Can't find him anywhere."



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Notes from Here and There



COUNT STEPHAN BETHLEN IN THE
GÖDÖLLÖ WOODS, HUNGARY

Count Bethlen was many years Prime Minister of the Hungarian Government, and when this picture was taken was shooting with H.S.H. Admiral Horthy, the Regent at Gödöllő, which formerly belonged to the luckless Habsburgs

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1., make an urgent appeal for £6 to start a very promising boy in life. He is aged fifteen. His father served as an officer and was killed in the Great War. His mother has her pension, but is very delicate and has just had several attacks of cerebral hæmorrhage. The boy has shown decided talent for wireless work, and has just obtained a good post in a firm of radio-gramophone works. He needs an outfit and some tools. The Friends of the Poor badly need funds to help this constructive case.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week *Party* is being given with the actual cast and production direct from the Gaiety Theatre, including Ivor Novello, Lilian Braithwaite, and Benita Hume. On Monday, October 24, at this theatre *Cavalcade* will commence a two weeks' run with Miss Mary Clare in her original part.

The Sixth Annual "Good Counsel" Ball in aid of the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on November 4. The society gives free legal assistance to the poor, irrespective of race and creed. The Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Langton will receive the guests. There will be an amusement room open all the evening where many valuable prizes may be won. Tickets are 25s. each (including buffet and supper) and may be obtained from Mr. S. Seuffert, 46, Kensington Hall Gardens, W.4.

Mr. Charles B. Cochran has generously promised to give a Midnight Matinée of *Words and Music*, his new revue by Mr. Noel Coward, to celebrate the Jubilee of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is Patron, on Thursday, October 27, at the Adelphi Theatre. The Actors' Benevolent Fund was founded in 1882, and completes fifty years of work this year. It is the largest as well as the oldest theatrical charity. Mr. Charles B. Cochran's Midnight Matinée is a marvellous contribution to the success of Sir Gerald du Maurier's Jubilee celebration of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, of which he is President. Tickets may be procured from the Adelphi Theatre, the usual ticket agencies, and the Secretary, 6A, Blomfield Road, London, W.9.



MR. GREGORY STROUD IN AUSTRALIA

The well-known actor went to Australia two years ago to play in Gilbert and Sullivan operas in which he had appeared in London, and has remained there ever since, appearing in numerous plays, amongst them *Lilac Time*, *Dorothy*, and *The Geisha*, etc.

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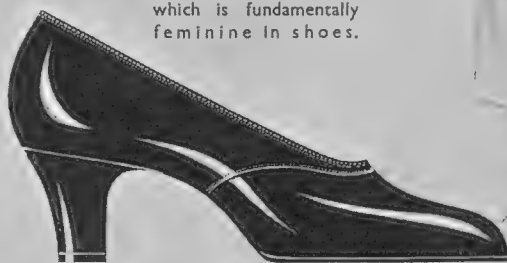
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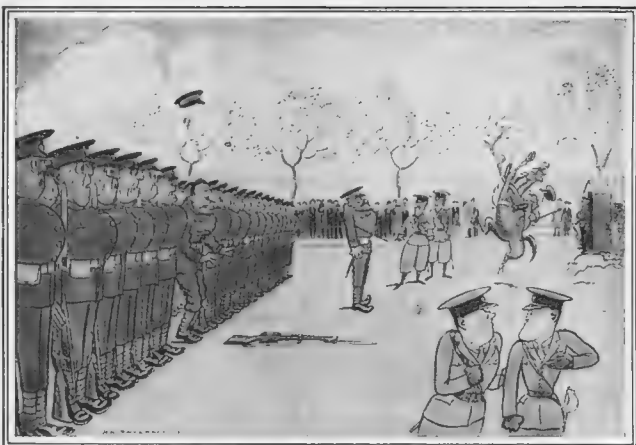
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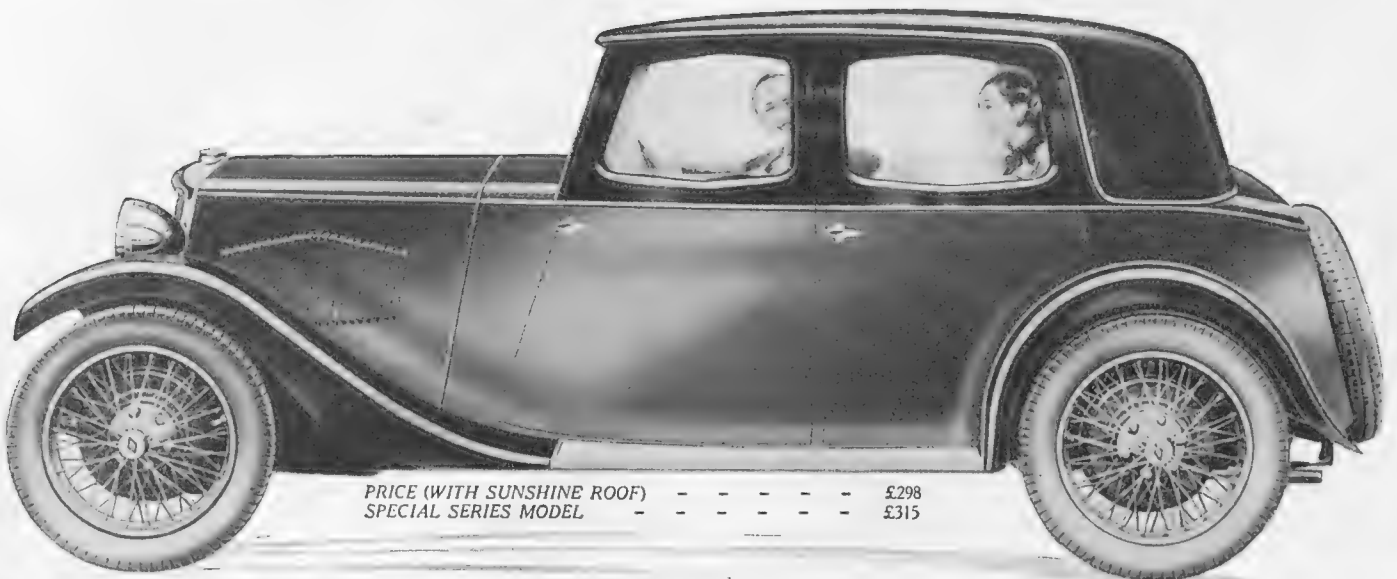
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THE TWENTY-SIXTH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA OCTOBER 13-22

An Athenian at Olympia : JOHN PRIOLEAU By

SHOWS may come and shows may go, but their thrill goes on for ever. I apologize for this solecism, but I cannot promise never to do it again—not unless the coming Shows are definitely less remarkable than the one which will be gone next week.

Given your choice, would you deliberately go to yet another Motor Show when a fine October day, one of the best series the year gives us, is shouting to you to get on to the links, or up among the hills, or into the beech-woods or anywhere else but among the "glittering" stands, the peculiar Olympia atmosphere (density B3 on Friday and Z4082 on Saturday week), and the still more peculiar Olympia underfoot? Knowing what always happens to yer pore feet by lunch-time and to your sore head all the time, *would* you? Money, or no money to buy, indifferent to or paralyzed by the cheery little paragraphs we find every week in the papers about the great "Income-Tax Drive—No Gentleman's Agreement This Time," would you?

Irritating things these rhetorical (i.e. superfluous) questions, when you have to supply the answers yourself. Of course you would go, naturally you will, though you may quite likely have done the other thing last year and possibly not regretted it. Last year was just a Motor Show; this year it is a great deal more than that. So far as one can tell all the Secrets have been already Revealed, not by our special investigators, but by our manufacturers themselves in solemn conclave, like Geneva or a Cabinet meeting. As *News* the show is going to be a conspicuous failure, but as a *Show of New Things* it is going to be the best display of anything Olympia has ever shown us.

Lazy men and lazy women, your day has come. Clumsy drivers, mutton-fisted, ham-footed, stupid, obstinate, hen-witted, dense, deaf, and altogether horrible persons (in motor cars) the victory is to you. At last these manufacturer people have taken pity, not on you, don't flatter yourselves, for you are Awful People, but on the cars. By persistent and consistent ill-treatment of the nicest toy man ever had given to him you have succeeded beyond your own wildest dreams in reducing the modern motor car to a self-protective miracle. You can now do almost anything you like with your beastly hands and feet. The motor car will not break.

And having said all that piece, long pent up in my disagreeable bosom, let me say another. You and I (not, of course, those ghastly blots referred to above) are going to like all these new easy gear-change gadgets most extremely. I believe I've driven them all, or nearly all, owing to that premature Revelation of Secrets, and they just tickle me to death. Quick, you know, and clever; simple as well as a "nice job"; whether it is a cheap free-wheel, a less cheap Daimler box, a synchromesh, an automatic clutch, or just a combination of them. You have your choice of changing speed either by pushing a pedal, by shutting the throttle for a moment, or by flicking an unresisting lever to and fro with the weight of your finger. And if you haven't driven a self-changer you cannot imagine how it improves your car's performance, because the engine gets the gear it wants when it wants it, and more swiftly than thought; how a free-wheel quells its chattiness.

It is the New Motoring, and I hope we have heard the last of the late M. Levassor's very obvious remark about the brutal efficiency of the gear-box. It has become a platitude claiming equal rank with Lincoln's "All the people some of the time" effort.

How can you possibly not go to the Show to see these and many other marvels? Your local agent did a tidy bit of Secret-Revealing himself some time ago and, in order that there should be no doubt about it, thoughtfully laid in a large and representative supply of new cars for you to look at, to drive and to buy. Do you mean to tell me you are content with just that? That you will take *everything* for granted? That a handful of measly catalogues and super-finished photographs will satisfy your annual Show-urge? Absolute rubbish. More than ever

this year will you be, are you, at this moment, obsessed with the desire for new things. You may not look too terribly like an Athenian just now, garbed in the autumn modes of B.C. 432, but you are, so far as Olympia is concerned, a citizen of that brilliant republic, the state that was never satisfied with its own achievements. (Oh yes, there was such an one, but it was a long time ago. They talk about it still in books.)

And such new things as there are for you to see and touch, beside the armoured gear-boxes. Do you like cars you can only get into, or out of, backwards or sideways, painfully knocking your hat off and barking your shins? I loathe them and I shall stay hours at the stands where are shown the saloons that open out like a convenient box with the lid out of the way, and yet, so they tell me, refrain from spilling their passengers on to the King's Highway at awkward moments! New? Very new, I call it, and all the newer because we have all wanted such a thing for years. New, too, will be some of the engines that do their work on spring mattresses, comfortably having vibratory hysterics if they want to without letting you know a thing about it. And the sound, smell, and fume-proof engine-rooms; and the stranglehold that has been laid on body-rattles and roof-drummings.

Then there will be the several cars fitted with another new thing we have ached for since potholes were first made, shock-absorbers you can tighten or loosen from the steering-wheel. Think of *that* for a moment, please, even if you are at first only visited by the enchanting idea of the revenge you can wreak on the lift-cadger, or your best enemy seated in the back. Will driving with this be like easing a ship in a sea, letting her take it gently instead of driving her into it? I don't know yet, but I dream of it. Think of keeping her straight and on an even keel over the worst stretches of bumps and holes, knowing the while that everything above the spring, including yourself, is travelling in a sort of hydraulic hammock. Very new.

You will see the new Eights and Tens, that do heaven knows how many miles an hour more than sixty-seventy. And the new four-cylinder engines that run like Sixes only more actively and on less petrol, that cost less and are less trouble to keep fit. Bodywork? Do you know that at least one of our most fashionable and expensive coach-builders is making a "convertible" saloon-tourer and showing it on an expensive chassis? I, myself, personally, as G. P. Huntly used to say, have clamoured for it for the past ten years—but it is new in 1932. Are we going to have, at long last, "English Climate" bodies?

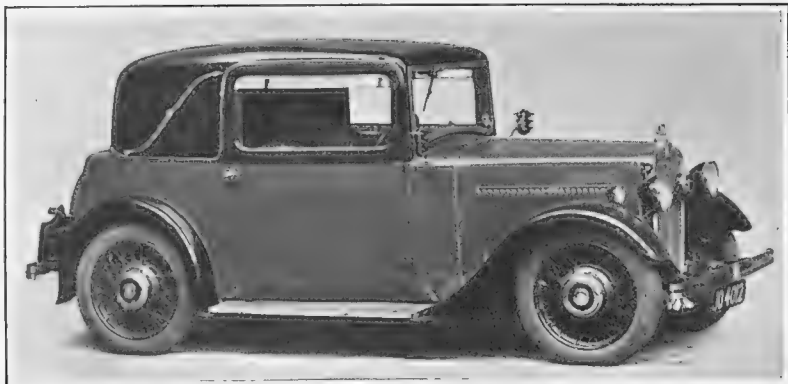
Dash-board and other gadgets? My dear Athenian, you will go raving mad. Wait till you see the car which has no portable jack but which you can raise, all four wheels, clear of the ground so that you need never more sigh for an inspection pit. Have you heard of the gadget that restarts your engine for you when you stop it in traffic? Have you seen it do it? If not it will be quite a shock for you. How—why—what??? Give it up. Take it as a proper Athenian should, as a matter of course. It's new. Wait till you see the new instrument boards, with their electric oil-and-petrol gauges, their properly-fitted thermometers, their lighting. And wait, oh wait, till you see the dash-boards you can get from in front, so that when a terminal works loose you don't have to take out the front seats and lie with your head in an octopus of invisible wires and your feet on the back cushions.

Bless you, Pericles, you couldn't stay away from the place for an Income Tax receipt. The Celestial Hall of Ten Thousand Delicious Torments will get you down in just the same old way, and you will struggle out of it at the end of your allotted span of hours or days the usual degraded wreck, but buoyed this time with the knowledge that you have lived to see the real dawn of simple, sensible, and nearly silent motoring—and that is perilously near a crib of one of the first motor-advertising slogans we knew in the Dark Ages when everything was new.

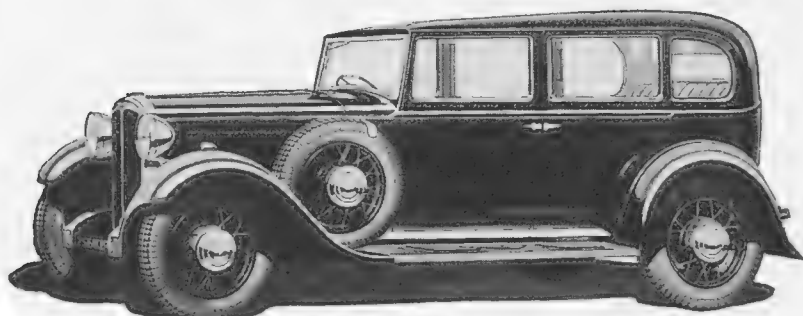
Olympia Show, 1932 : By W. G. ASTON

THE Olympia Motor Show is, this year, somewhat reduced in scale, for there are not quite so many exhibits as formerly. But it is just as interesting, comprehensive, and international as ever, and still far and away the greatest thing of its kind. The visitor will, too, find the new arrangement very convenient, for all the car stands are in the main hall, the bodies and boats in the smaller hall, the accessories up in the galleries, and the garage and service exhibits in the annexe. The show as a whole well exemplifies the sound position of the British motor industry, which has of late done much better than its rivals of any other nation. As compared with 1931 there has been a falling off in the domestic

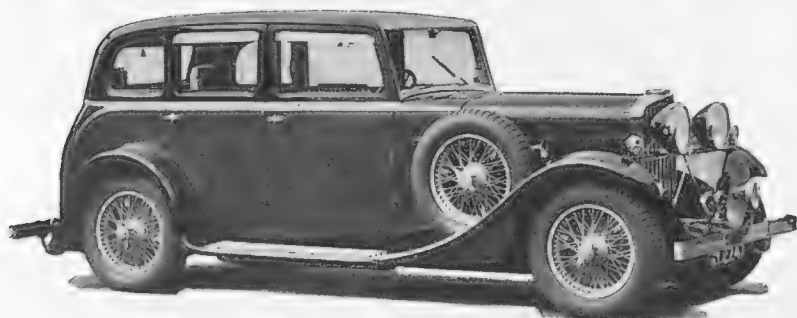
sales of cars (and no wonder), but this is more than compensated by a notable increase in exports. The most prominent advancements for 1933 may be briefly summed up as follows: no reduction in prices, but the offering of much better value for money—roomier bodies without decline in the performance of small cars—much easier gear-changing with more “speeds,” particularly the wider adoption of the self-changing gear and of free-wheel suspension systems with automatically controlled shock absorbers—signalling devices of various kinds—rear petrol tanks and bumpers on the cheapest models—plenty of very low-priced high-performance sports cars—generally greatly improved body-lines and accommodation—bigger choice of better colours.



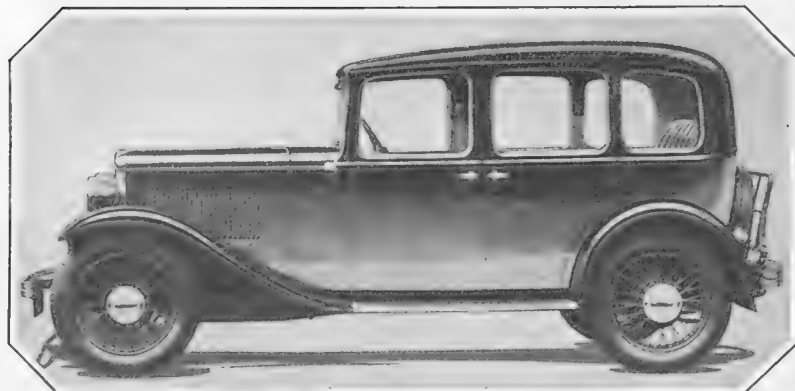
THE MORRIS “TEN” SPECIAL COUPE



THE SEVEN-SEATER HILLMAN WIZARD SALOON



THE “95” SALOON DE LUXE TALBOT



THE AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE FOUR DE LUXE SALOON

Morris.

Out of a list of cars, each highly specialized in itself, well calculated to suit every purse and every purpose, it is difficult to select any individual for detailed consideration. There is the renowned “Minor” in several types from £100 upwards, the new “Ten,” the Cowley (one of the greatest cars of all time), the Morris “Major Six,” the “Oxford Six,” and the “Isis Six.” Barring the hundred-pounder (on which it costs £5 extra) all these have the silent-third four-speed box, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, fume extractors, and all sorts of refinements; the Ten at £169 10s. for the complete sliding roof six-light saloon (this includes bumpers and grid) is really a remarkable motor car. It has any amount of room for four big passengers, and it most certainly has any amount of vigour. The actual cubic capacity is 1,292 cc. and the tax £10. It is hard to realize this when one is on the road with it.

Hillman.

For 1933, energies are being concentrated upon two principal models, both of which have already established a great reputation, not only at home but in the overseas markets. The Minx achieved fame almost instantaneously, for it was one of the very first, if not the first, British light car to be constructed with an eye to personal comfort. In addition to holding its full load of full-sized passengers, it achieves a remarkable performance, for over 32 h.p. is available from a 10-rated engine. Singular smoothness of running is assured by the “cushioned power” principle of engine mounting. This has been proved to be so good that it is now used in both models of the Wizard, which also have the new scheme of “cyclonic” induction. This is most effective.

Talbot.

The latest convert to the self-changing gear principle is the Talbot, all the models of which name (lustre to which has been added by its excellent racing achievements this year) are offered with the pre-selective four-speed box, built under Wilson patents, as optional with the ordinary four-speeder, and at no extra price. Several items of technical and practical advancement have been incorporated in the Talbot gear by their own engineers. The range of 6-cylinder cars, all of which belong to the same basic type of design, is remarkably complete. Known respectively as the 65, 75, 95, and 105—this nomenclature gives some hint of their speed capabilities—they are, each in its own class, distinguished by smooth power and intense acceleration, as also by their safe road-holding qualities.

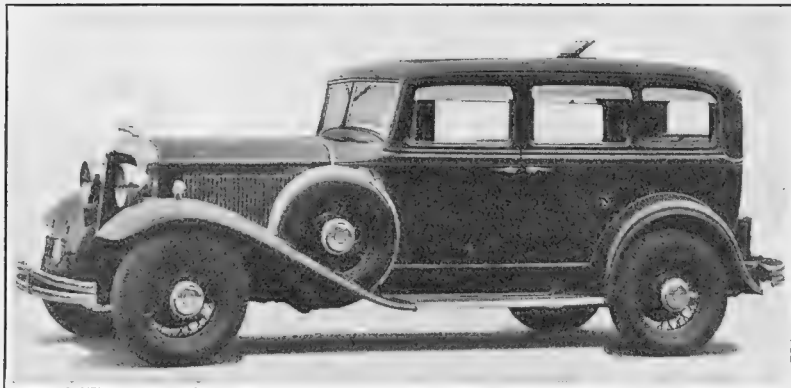
Austin.

As usual, a very fine range of models carry this famous name. Two newcomers to Olympia are the Ten-Four, brought out some months ago and now a well-proved favourite, and the recently announced Light Twelve-Four. This latter, with every desirable fitting, leather upholstery, etc., comes in saloon *de luxe* form at £198, and in standard saloon form at £178. It gives much the same performance as the Ten-Four, though with considerably more spaciousness in the body. On the larger Austin types many improvements have been made. For example, thermostat cooling control and magna wheels are now adopted. The ever-popular Seven is also much improved by the fitting of a four-speed silent third gear-box, a rear petrol tank, more efficient brakes, and many other refinements. A new open body design has been brought forward, and in all Sevens there has been a reduction in price.

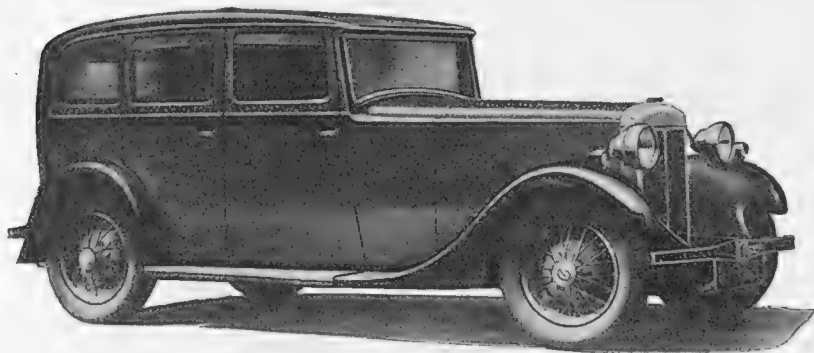
... one of the new Austins. A Sixteen Berkeley, you know. Quite a revelation the way the latest models ride. Of course, I particularly noticed the difference as my old Austin has been five years on the road. And it's still a dependable 'bus, even now! Yes, that's where the Austin scores—it is so amazingly dependable . . . But this Silentbloc suspension and free-flex springing (zinc interleaved, of course) are the real goods—especially now they've fitted hydraulic shock-absorbers. Seems to float over the bumps . . . The way it handles too, is astonishing. Makes you feel a great driver—a kind o' Tim Birkin. Those direct control four-speed Twin Top gearboxes and direct-coupled brakes give you such confidence. You can't go wrong, somehow! There's Triplex glass all round in the whole of the 26 models in the range, too! . . . And with that thermostatic cooling control gadget they've fitted, you don't have to wait for the engine to warm up. No trouble getting under way on winter mornings. Oh yes, in their own quiet way they're more than abreast of the times, whether it's their Ranelagh Twenty or 100-guinea 'baby'. You must certainly see them at Stand 45, Olympia—or if the crush is too great, you can see them just the same at their Oxford Street depot or Holland Park.



I'VE BEEN DRIVING



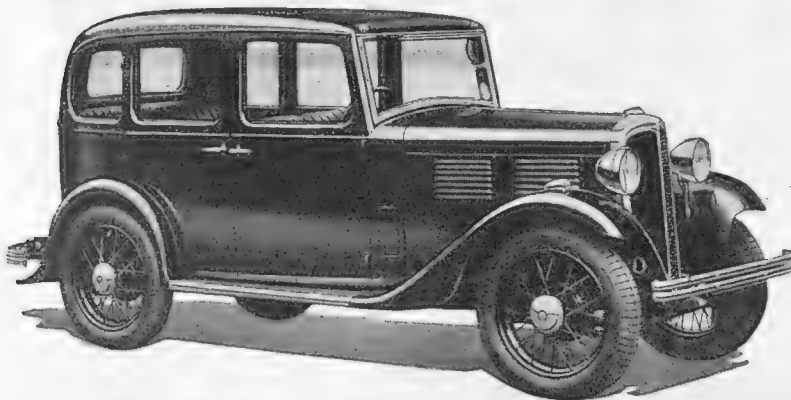
THE 25-35-H.P. CHRYSLER "KINGSTON" FOUR-DOOR SALOON



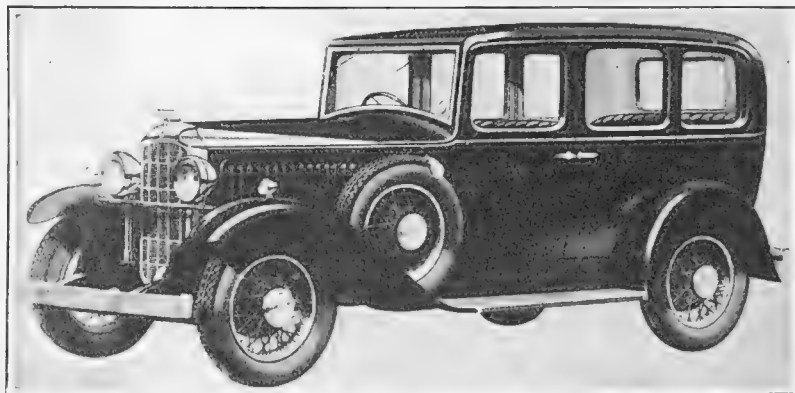
THE DAIMLER "20" SALOON



THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 20-H.P. SPORTS SALOON



THE STANDARD LITTLE "NINE"



THE VAUXHALL CADET SALOON

Chrysler.

Few cars can better establish a claim to have brought about new standards of performance than those designed by Mr. Walter Chrysler, and now, with the aid of much British capital, labour, and material, being built at Kew in Surrey. It was in this series that that admirable scheme of "floating power" was initiated, a notion that has been very extensively copied and that constitutes one of the really worth while steps forward in modern car construction. The Chrysler method is, however, of a unique character and fully patented. In conjunction therewith are now to be found several other mechanical features of great merit, the value of which is very quickly demonstrated to anyone who drives one of these cars. They include an automatic clutch, reducing the pedal controls to two and making, importantly, for safer and more simplified driving, and a new easy change gear-box.

* * *

Daimler.

Something very *recherché* is to be found upon the Daimler stand in the new 15 h.p., which, with self-changing pre-selective gear-box, fluid flywheel, and all the other refinements associated with the name, is to sell, as a saloon, at £450. Six cylinders, of course, but not the least interesting point about them is that they have overhead push-rod operated valves, whereas the larger Daimler models (which remain unchanged) adhere to the sleeve principle as of yore. Features of the Fifteen, which is of 1,805 cc. capacity—a useful intermediate size—are the X-braced frame of tremendous rigidity, which is under-slung beneath the back axle so as to give clear floor-boards and a low centre of gravity; flexibly suspended power unit, air filter and silencer, and Lockheed hydraulic brakes assisted by a Dewandre vacuum servo.

* * *

Armstrong-Siddeley.

This eminent firm may very well be proud of the fact that their influence is exhibited upon many, many Olympia stands. For it is unquestionable that their pioneering of that most successful all-British invention, the self-changing pre-selective gear—now in its fifth year of production—has led to the easier gear-change ideas which so markedly characterize the 1933 model. Be it noted, however, that it is only the proved gear-box as used in all Siddeley cars which has the virtue of pre-selection, a benefit which no one who has ever used it would willingly forgo. In the cars themselves little change has been made and little was needed. The three main models are the 12 h.p., the 15 h.p. (long and short), and the 20 h.p., all of them six cylindered and far more of luxury character than their prices would imply.

* * *

Standard.

One could hardly ask for greater and more compelling evidence of success than the fact that the Standard manufactory at Canley, Coventry, is now turning out a car for every four minutes of the working day. Generally their programme, including the Big and Little 4-cylinder "Nines," the 6-cylinder "Sixteen," and "Twenty," is as before, except that it has been reinforced by two powerful recruits in the shape of two entirely new 6-cylinder cars, appropriately known as the Big Twelve and the Little Twelve. This last-named, as a complete saloon, with full equipment, costs but £189, and fairly declares itself to be the lowest-priced "Six" on the British market. The Big Twelve costs £215. It will be generally recognized that better value for money is unobtainable; extraordinary success speaks for itself.

* * *

Vauxhall.

Intensive concentration upon a single 6-cylinder model is now the watch-word associated with this great name. But there are two phases of this model, the 17 h.p. and the 26.3 h.p., the latter (although having some little vogue in Britain) being more particularly intended to satisfy overseas requirements. Although there are no externally visible changes in the power plant of the Cadet a good many more "horses" have been obtained by virtue of detail improvements in the cylinder head, valves, and induction system. It is a most delightful thing to sit behind, either as driver or passenger. It is all the more so by reason of the synchromesh gear-change, with its silent second. Up or down it is but a touch of the clutch and a flick of the finger. The 6-light standard saloon has more room in the back, thanks to sunk foot-wells, and is smarter all round.

STAMINA

Super-endurance — the quality that
protects your engine longest



STAMINA. 2. "THE CLIMBER"

THE EXTRAORDINARY STAMINA OF PRATTS OIL PROTECTS
EVEN HARD-DRIVEN ENGINES, LONG AFTER ORDINARY
OILS WOULD HAVE BROKEN DOWN. PRODUCED BY THE
BLENDERS OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST PETROLS — THE
COMPANY OWNING THE WORLD'S RICHEST OILFIELDS.

PRATTS MOTOR OIL

Officially approved by the manufacturers
of over 80% of the cars on the road

AUSTIN 7 h.p. - - M.H.
AUSTIN NEW 10 - H
AUSTIN (12, 16 & 20 h.p.) H.
A.C. - - - - H.

MORRIS MINOR - M.H.
MORRIS COWLEY - M.H.
MORRIS OXFORD - M.H.
MORRIS ISIS - - M.H.



M.G. - - - - M.H.
FRAZER NASH - - H.
BUICK - - - - M.H.
CADILLAC - - - M.H.

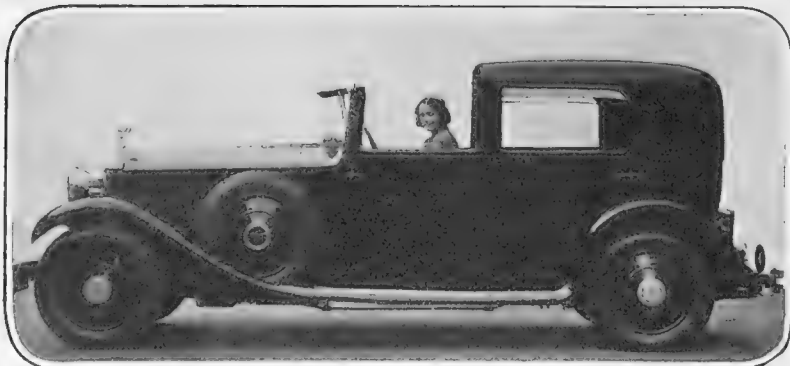
VAUXHALL - - - M.H.
LANCHESTER - - M.H.
ASTON MARTIN - M.H.
LA SALLE - - - M.H.

M.H. means Medium Heavy ; M. Medium ; H. Heavy.

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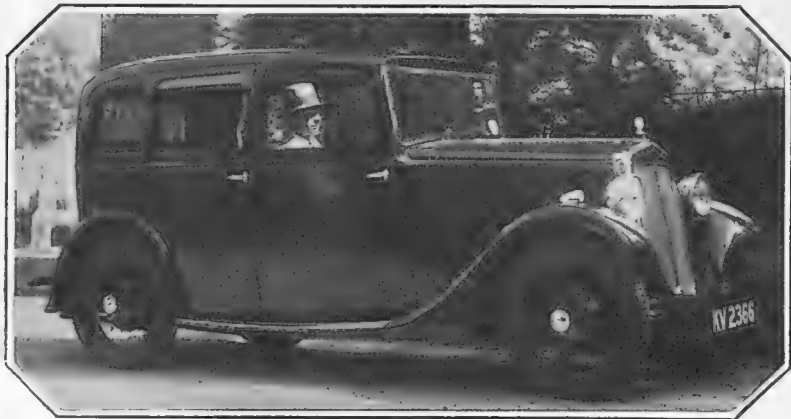
M.O.21



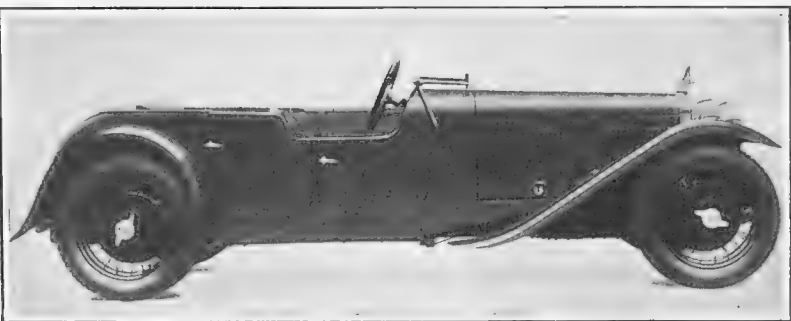
THE LATEST BARKER SEDANCA DE VILLE BODY ON A NEW 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS



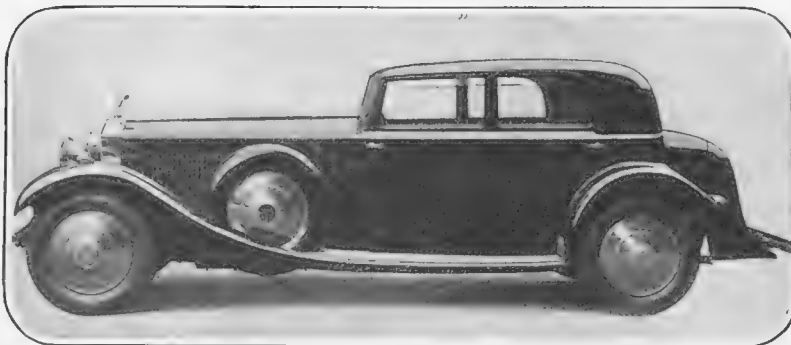
THE 14-H.P. RILEY SIX-CYLINDER "EDINBURGH" SALOON



A LANCHESTER "10" SALOON



AN ALVIS "SPEED 20" FOUR-SEATER



A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CONTINENTAL CHASSIS WITH BARKER SUNSHINE SALOON BODY

Barker.

Admirers of the highest expression of craftsmanship and design in coach-building will not fail to visit the Barker stand at Olympia. To any sort of motorist it is always a pleasure to examine their beautiful creations, not only because they are aesthetically flawless, but also (which beautiful things sometimes are not) because they are essentially practical. The constructional innovation of chiefest note in the latest designs is the use of a new form of panelling which diminishes the otherwise rather slab-sided look of a big car. The two examples displayed are a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Sedanca de Ville, with built-in luggage trunk, the whole painted black with fine white lines, and a 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce with saloon limousine de ville. This latter is a particularly fine example of how a truly commodious, and, of course, comfortable, body can be mounted upon a chassis of not extravagant wheel-base.

Riley.

What a marvellous season of successes has the Riley Company had during the past year! The name seems always to be either at the top of the big event results or *proxime accessit*—nor were victories ever better deserved. A mathematician has calculated that, allowing for colour schemes, there are roughly 500 Riley models for 1933. The simple fact is that there are three fundamental chassis designs, including the new Six-Twelve (and a very welcome innovation is this), each of which can be had as a "Special Series model," and each of which is available in a number of fascinating body styles. In this last direction the Riley Company blazed a brilliant trail which many have followed, though palpably unable to overtake the leaders. The Mentone, Alpine, Stelvio, Edinburgh, and Edinburgh *de luxe* types are restricted to six cylinders, and the famous Monaco to the Nine.

Lanchester.

Associated with a name that goes back to the very earliest days of the motoring movement there are now two highly distinguished and original models, the 18-h.p. 6-cylinder and the 10-h.p. 4-cylinder. The latter made its *début* only a few months ago, but has quickly been recognized as in the very front rank of highly developed light cars that combine luxurious comfort and high performance with economy. This car is not only extremely fast, thanks to its lively, sweet-running, and vigorous engine, but, because of its low build (which incidentally promotes comfort), it is notably stable. But naturally its most outstanding characteristic is that in it the fullest advantages of the four-speed self-changing pre-selective gear are exploited in connection with the fluid flywheel system of transmission, a combination that makes for the utmost ease of driving under all conditions. On both types is a very choice range of bodies.

Alvis.

For the new and striking 4-cylinder Alvis "Firefly" engine it is claimed that no 6-cylinder engine of similar capacity can compare with it either in regard to acceleration, high speed, or smooth running. Unquestionably, it is an exceptional production, and its 1,500 cc. capacity reminds one of the motors upon which the great Alvis reputation was first built. In conjunction with it an entirely new type of noiseless third-four-speed gear-box is used with extremely easy change. The frame is double-dropped, and affords superlative road-holding qualities, whilst the brakes are of the self-energizing type exactly similar to those which first made their appearance upon the redoubtable "Speed Twenty."

Rolls-Royce.

From the technical point of view the chief innovation which has been made in the best car in the world, in order to make it even better still, is the introduction of the synchromesh type of easy change gear, with a "third" so silent that in working it is scarcely distinguishable from top. This gear not only saves time, thus enhancing performance, and obviates the need for double-clutching on the down change, but is absolutely clash proof. The veriest novice cannot make a mistake when changing down to third at fifty or so. But there have been other Rolls-Royce improvements which, though every bit as important, are more subtle. The Derby wizards have waved their magic wands and have removed, both from the 20-25 and the 40-50 chassis, all perceptible suggestion of mechanism at all speeds within their scope.



The
NEW DAIMLER
'15'

A THOROUGHBREED

A new Daimler is born. 15 hp. £450.

A new Daimler is always an event, but this is an epoch. It revises all our ideas of what money will buy. Remember, first of all it is a Daimler, every inch of it from the radiator fluting to the ribs of the petrol tank; Daimler power, Daimler design, Daimler fastidious workmanship, made in the splendid Daimler tradition. It is all that and more.

Much more. It is a Daimler fitted with the Daimler Fluid-Flywheel Self-Changing Transmission that puts it ten years ahead of everything that comes near it on the road, the new Daimler Transmission that with a single dab of the foot has put all the gear levers and clutches in the world into the museum.

The new "Fifteen" is the sister of the "Twenty" and the "Forty" and the "Fifty" and all the great Daimlers that have earned for Daimler the title of the "Car of Kings." As they are for the wealthier men, so the new "Fifteen" is for the owner-driver, the man of taste who does not want a chauffeur-driven car but must have a thoroughbred. If you don't see Daimler (Stand 33) and Lanchester (53) you will have missed the greatest features of Olympia.

Let us send you full particulars of the Daimler and Lanchester range. Write your name and address in the space below, and post to

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY

Daimler
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'20' from £ 725 '25' from £ 875
'40' from £ 1550 '50' from £ 1650

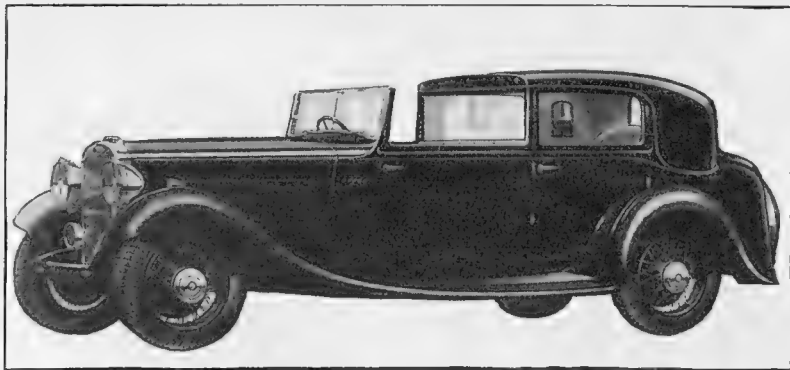
All fitted with the wonderful

**DAIMLER FLUID-FLYWHEEL
SELF-CHANGING TRANSMISSION**

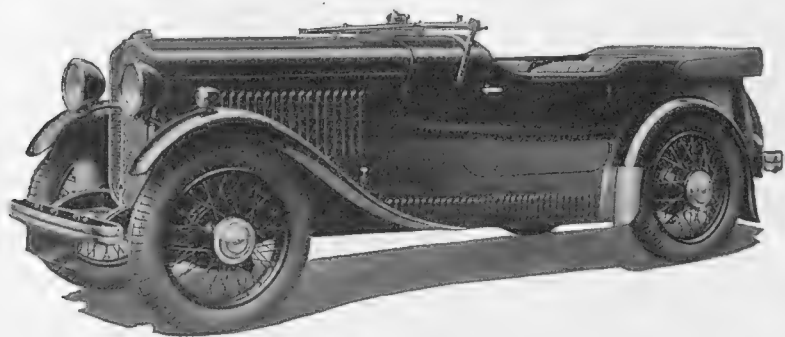
which is also available on the new

Lanchester

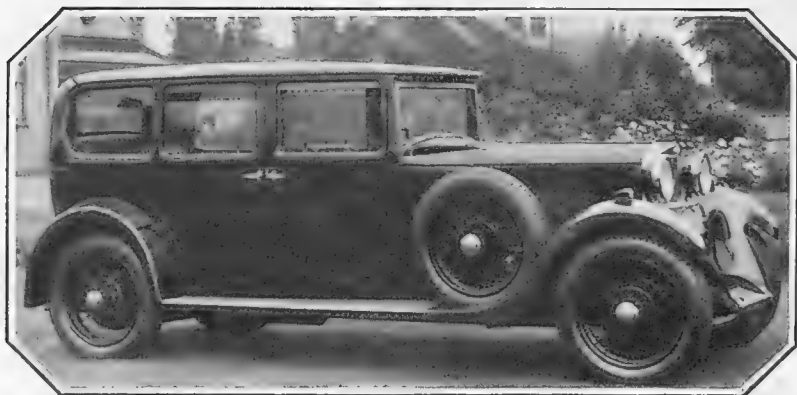
'10' from £ 315 '18' from £ 595



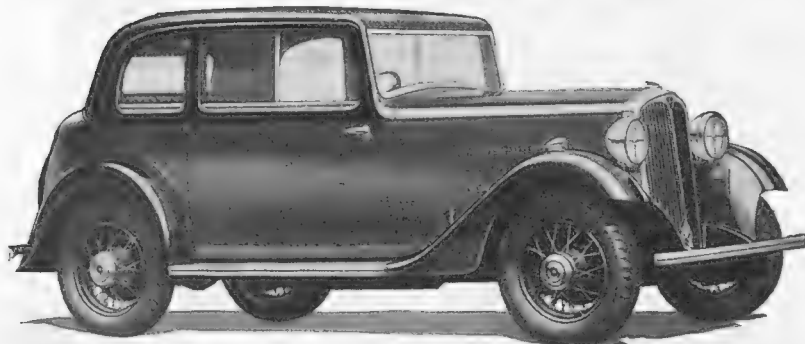
THE NEW HUMBER CABRIOLET DE VILLE



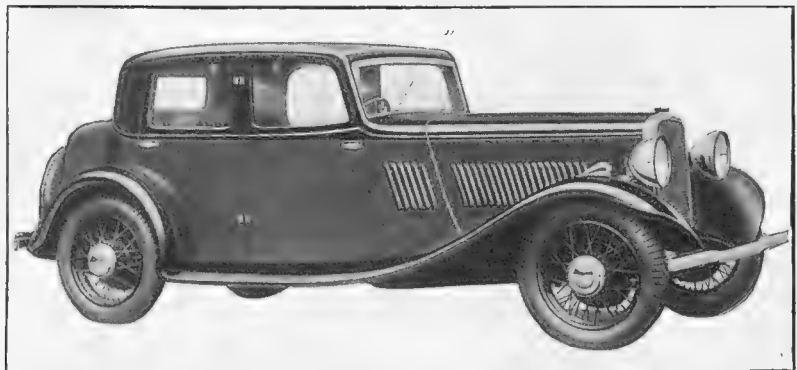
TRIUMPH "SOUTHERN CROSS" SPORTS FOUR-SEATER



A 16-H.P. COACH-BUILT SUNBEAM SALOON



THE ROVER "PILOT 14" COACH-BUILT COUPE



THE 1933 SINGER KAYE DON COUPE

Humber.

Two very important changes have been made in the 1933 Humbers, both of which are calculated to enhance a reputation that is recognized all over the world. The first is the introduction of the new 12-h.p. car, a 4-cylinder. In saloon form it costs £265, and it can be confidently stated that anyone who wants a better-looking, more comfortable *tout ensemble* will have a long way to go in search of it. Certain it is that this "12" will be very popular. Next comes the adoption in all Humber engines of side-by-side valves, making for simplicity and silence. The smaller Six is now known as the 16-60 h.p., the "Snipe" as the "Snipe 80," the famous "Pullman," one of the most modest priced of real luxury cars, remains as before except for enhanced performance.

* * *

Triumph.

Many improvements contribute to the charm of the new Triumph models, which are respectively denominated as the "Southern Cross" (a sports four-seater), the Twelve-Six, the Super-Nine, and the Super-Eight. On all but the last there is a four-speed gear-box with silent third. The chassis has been a little increased in dimensions so that greater room is provided. At the same time the all-round performance has been enhanced, although no new principles of design have been introduced. In the "Southern Cross" a somewhat bigger power unit is fitted, with the consequence that still higher road speeds are available without stress. But perhaps the most notable departure which the Triumph Company has made is the standardization, without extra charge, of a really efficient permanent jacking system on the larger models.

* * *

Sunbeam.

Three models constitute the programme of this renowned concern, and it can fairly be said that into each one is built the scientific knowledge derived from a great racing tradition. All are of the 6-cylinder type. The main chassis are denominated the 16 h.p. and the 20 h.p. The former, as a chassis, costs £450, and as a coach-built saloon, £695. At the same figure come the fixed and folding-head coupés. The 20 h.p. is listed in two wheel-bases, and in the longer is suitable for the most elaborate limousine bodywork, of which the Sunbeam Company, in their own coachcraft, offer a most admirable example. Both of these chassis are equipped with the synchromesh type of four-speed, silent-indirect gear-box, with two spare wheels and tyres, with electrically operated direction indicators both back and front, and, finally, with a new type of shock absorber that is instantly adaptable.

* * *

Rover.

Big developments have been made by this classic firm which now offers no less than seven distinct types of car, founded basically upon four chassis. There are the Family Ten, the Ten Special, the Pilot 14, the Speed Pilot, the Meteor 16 h.p., the Meteor 20 h.p. and the Speed Meteor. The Tens are four-cylinder, the remainder sixes. It is certainly difficult to imagine a motor car more charming both to drive and to ride in than the new Pilot 14. Silent and free from vibration at all speeds the engine is full of "pep." The transmission embodies a four-speed gear-box, with a third ratio that is really noiseless, together with a free-wheel that can quickly be brought into use, or locked as required. In the event of the engine being accidentally stilled it is automatically started up again by the "Startix" scheme.

* * *

Singer.

Those in search of progressive design, a right interpretation of public requirements, and excellent value for money will have good reason to pause at the Singer stand, where they will find much to interest them. All the models have four-speed gear-boxes, with not only silent third but silent second too, and Lockheed hydraulic brakes. The Nine, with its lusty overhead camshaft engine and its genuinely spacious leather-finished coachwork, is already a firm favourite. Speed merchants of limited resources will be much taken with this chassis in its "hotted-up" phase. A real goer this. Then the four-cylinder side-valve "12" is a most attractive innovation, modestly priced and of high merit. In the 6-cylinder "14" is to be seen a conspicuous example of progressive car design policy.

THE NEW MORRIS "25"

A very
powerful car
effortless to handle
giving an
easy 70 m.p.h.
costing less than
£400

When the question of the Morris "25" was first discussed the idea of cost was left quite in the background. This was to be a car for those who could command the best. There must be power and more power, silent and unsuspected, but ready to pour into life at the slightest touch. There must be the urbane confidence of control that takes everything on "top" and can trust implicitly in its braking. There must be the sweeping flow of body lines; the impression as well as the achievement of speed. And, as to equipment, of course—everything.

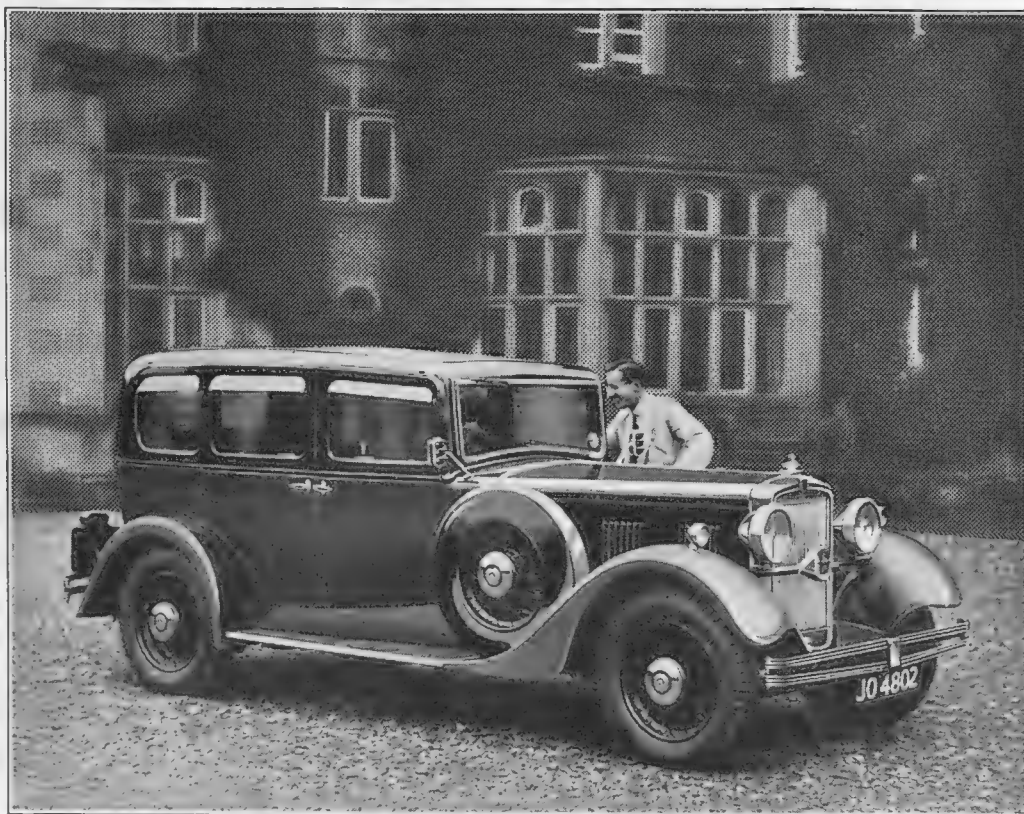
The miracle is that this great car has been able to realise every one of these ideals at a price that could be conceivable only in terms of advanced production methods and scientific costing. Imposing appearance, dominant performance, superb comfort, effortless driving—Morris "25" has succeeded in materially reducing the cost which until now has controlled the enjoyment of all such advantages.

NO OTHER CAR QUITE LIKE THIS

Never before has such a car been created to sell at such a price. The Morris "25" gives you real mastery of the road, so easily, so quietly, yet so completely. With this impressive power at your disposal, all you will ever need on any main road are the two top gear ratios. These are of the constant mesh type, which change so easily that the movement becomes almost automatic. With silent, swift decision Lockheed hydraulic brakes bring you to a standstill at the lightest foot pressure.

A MASTERLY POWER UNIT

With its magnificently suave command of speed the "25" can easily deceive you



as to its real performance . . . so easily, so contemptuously almost, does it slide into speed; laying off the flashing miles behind it. The crankshaft of the 25 h.p. 6-cylinder engine weighs no less than a half-cwt. and is dynamically and statically balanced for utmost smoothness. A torsional vibration damper is also fitted. Notice, too, the air preheater, cleaner and fume consumer that assures constant carburation, adds to running economy, provides proper upper cylinder lubrication and keeps the body free of fumes on the longest run.

SPECIAL FRAME DESIGN

The gliding smoothness of "25" touring is due in no small measure to the special frame, the duplex-bracing being extended fore and aft for extra lateral support. This scientific design effectively cuts out any trace of "weaving" and "lozenging" at the cost of no more than a few pounds in extra frame weight.

The illustration of the "25" is eloquent—the impressively long bonnet and sinuously graceful body lines are all in keeping with the easy power of the car.

LAVISH EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT

The detail specification, of course, is complete—nothing has been overlooked that can increase driving or riding comfort. For most motorists this big car has an entirely new motoring sensation in store. Until you sit back in the driving seat you cannot hope to realise the half of it. It's a matter you must investigate for yourself. Give your Dealer a ring about it—he will be glad to arrange a trial run.

Morris "25" features at a glance

1. 25 h.p. engine of advanced side-valve design with special air preheater, cleaner and fume consumer.
2. Sweeping acceleration that makes top gear performance a foregone conclusion.
3. Specially constructed frame with extended duplex-bracing built for extra riding stability with least weight.
4. Supremely confident hydraulic braking.
5. Impressive length and lines.
6. Studied comfort.
7. Comprehensive equipment including two spare wheels with 6 in. section Dunlop tyres, Lucas Biflex headlamps, sliding roof on closed models, Triplex glass throughout and flashing Direction Indicator.

THREE MODELS

TOURER	-	-	-	-	£385
SALOON	-	-	-	-	£395
SPECIAL COUPÉ	-	-	-	-	£395

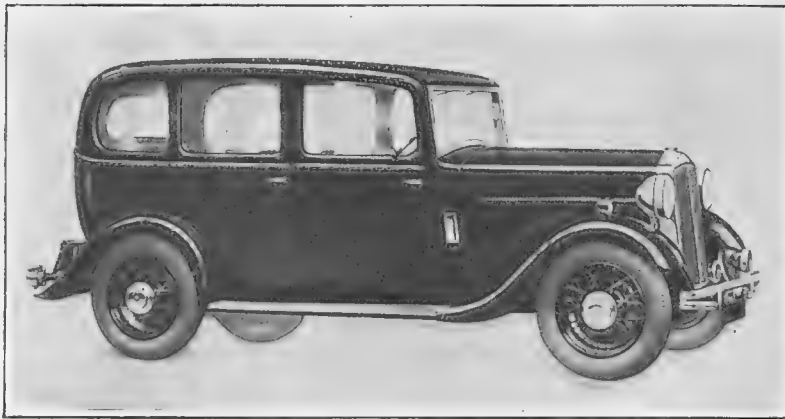
(Both Saloon and Special Coupé are fitted with Pytchley sliding head.)

MORRIS

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED • COWLEY • OXFORD

Wolseley.

Sixteen features of note, some of them exclusive and unequalled in one car at any price, are claimed for the new Wolseley Sixteen, the latest item in a programme that also includes the "Hornet" in standard



THE NEW "SIXTEEN" WOLSELEY

and special types, and the 21-60 h.p. All are 6-cylinder models. The Sixteen must be selected for special mention. It has the forward engine mounting that gives more room on an 8 ft. 6 in. wheel-base than is possible in the ordinary way with something much larger. By the same means, also, weight is substantially reduced. It has "engine room insulation," whereby noise, fumes, and heat are prevented from entering the car. It has a four-speed, definitely silent third gear-box with handy "remote" control.

It has a free-wheel that can be switched in and out with perfect facility and that makes gear-changing absurdly simple. It has the "Startix" anti-stall device, centre-cast hardened cylinder liners, oil-economizing pistons of special design, Lockheed hydraulic brakes of enormous power, grouped chassis lubrication, and electric direction indicators. The excellence of the body-work is answerable to that of the Wolseley chassis.

Buick.

There are two Buick models, as introduced in March last, and both the "Master" and the "Light" have straight-eight engines of the famous valve-in-head type. Smooth working and extraordinarily quiet, they yield all the power that anyone could reasonably want. Also they are completely sealed against dust and vapour. A great Buick feature is the transmission, which embodies automatic clutch, free-wheeling, and silent second synchromesh gear-box. Well may the term "magic control" be applied. The automatic clutch is operated by engine suction and is a most ingenious and absolutely reliable piece of mechanism that makes the driving of the car almost effortless. Yet, when required, the usual pedal clutch action may be used, otherwise the movement of the accelerator pedal does everything. So long as the car is moving, the engine cannot stall.

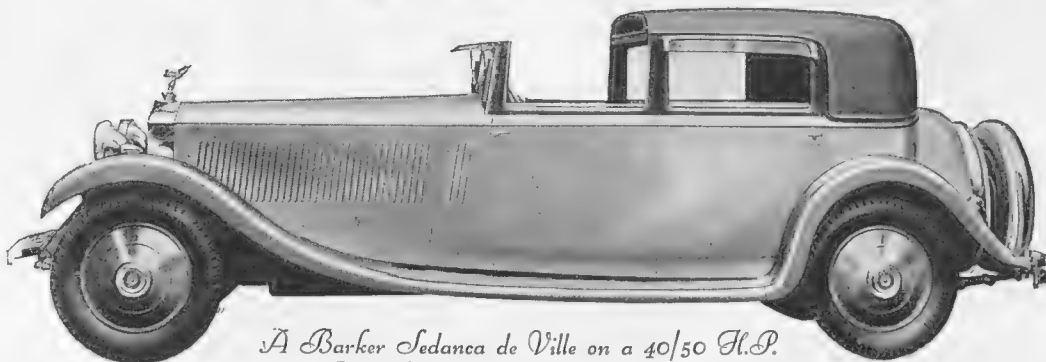
Free-wheeling, again, can be instantly brought into or out of action, and it is practically impossible to get any jerk. Another most excellent scheme is the ride regulator, in which the shock absorbers are controlled to any desired degree from a small lever on the steering pillar.



BUICK VICEROY SALOON

Established 1710*By
Appointment*

BARKER COACHWORK

*By
Appointment*

*A Barker Sedan de Ville on a 40/50 H.P.
Rolls-Royce "Phantom 11" chassis*

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED, 66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET
LONDON, W.1

*Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers. Telephone Grosvenor 2421*

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW STAND 191

Also exhibiting on Rolls-Royce Stand 41

"What an easy car to drive!"

THIS "silky-performance" car just makes you drive well. In the Vauxhall Cadet, every gear-change is faultless, for you have Synchro-Mesh gears, with a Silent Second. Steering, acceleration, braking—all these demand a minimum attention; you can concentrate on the road all the time.

The exceptionally fine performance of the 1933 Cadet is due in part to the improved carburation, which gives more miles to the gallon and smoother acceleration. The aristocratic appearance of the car owes much to the improved body lines and the distinctive flutes, now bright chromium.

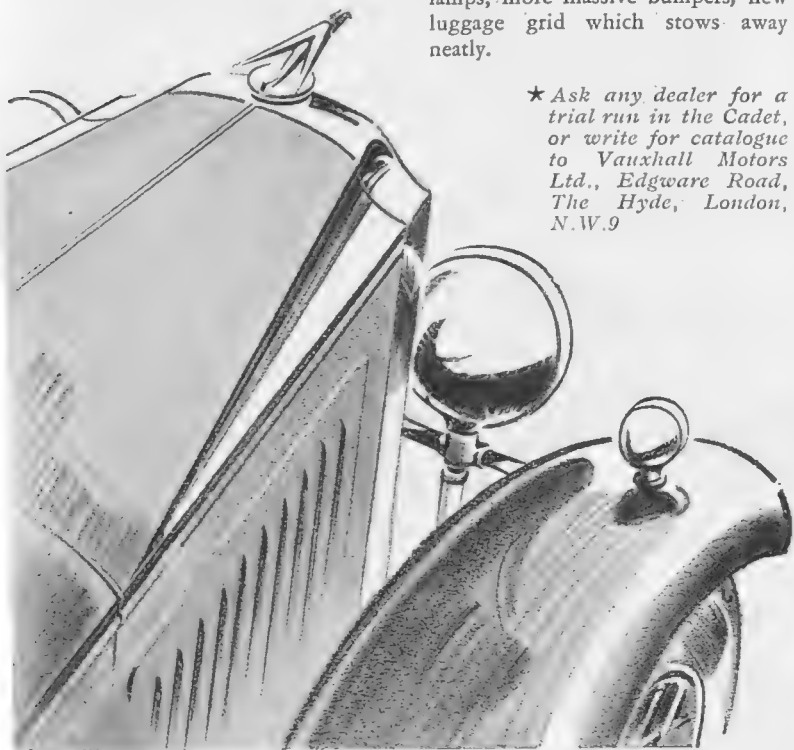
Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

COMFORT & CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof, front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

★ Ask any dealer for a trial run in the Cadet, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9



4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

See the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

at Olympia—Stand No. 28

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE



ROLLS-ROYCE

40/50 H.P. 20/25 H.P.

NO OTHER CAR HAS ALL ROLLS-ROYCE QUALITIES

It is not built primarily for speed, but to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most flexible and the most comfortable car AT ALL SPEEDS.

IT IS THE MOST DURABLE CAR EVER BUILT

It is built to last a great many years and to maintain ALL ITS QUALITIES during its lifetime. Thus it is AN ECONOMY.

IT EMBODIES ALL EXPERIENCE GAINED WITH EARLIER CLASSIC MODELS

The Rolls-Royce Co. have specialised in the manufacture of cars of the highest class and quality for the last 28 years.

QUITE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL CAR TO DRIVE

It is as suitable for strenuous long distance work at high average speeds, as for town work and shopping. NO CAR GLIDES ABOUT IN CONGESTED TRAFFIC WITH SUCH EFFORTLESS EASE AS A ROLLS-ROYCE.

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It has the best service organisation at home AND ABROAD. Rolls-Royce service is obtainable in France, Spain, Germany Switzerland, Canada, U.S.A., India, Australia, etc. Rolls-Royce service in the British Isles is recognised by owners as being unique.

These are some of the reasons why the Rolls-Royce is

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Rolls-Royce Ltd 14-15 Conduit St London W 1 [Mayfair 6201]

Crossley.

One is glad to see that the natty Torquay saloon Crossley 10-h.p. winner of "The Autocar" Trophy is included in a range which boasts many features of interest. Amongst these may be cited the patent combustion head with overhead inlet valves and side exhausts, the anti-shock engine suspension, finger-light steering with rubber mounting of the box, finger-tip control of ignition, lamps, etc., twin-top gear-box, and Bendix-Perrot self-energizing brakes. An unusually high degree of comfort is offered in the new Buxton saloons. Patrons of that which is truly speedy will be interested in the newly developed sports model which, now fully tested, is equal to about 80 m.p.h. under favourable road conditions. This is available either as a saloon or an open two-seater. But Crossley activities are by no means solely concerned with the smaller sort of car. In the Silver Crossley (15.7-h.p.), the Golden Crossley (20.9-h.p.), and the Super-Six they have fine examples of the soundest British engineering practice, that have fully earned their laurels, offering true luxury and lasting durability at a modest cost.



THE CROSSLEY TEN "TORQUAY" SALOON

Hooper.

This renowned firm of coach-builders have, as usual, on view exhibits in which the finest traditions of material, workmanship, and conception are combined with progressiveness. This latter is noticeable in



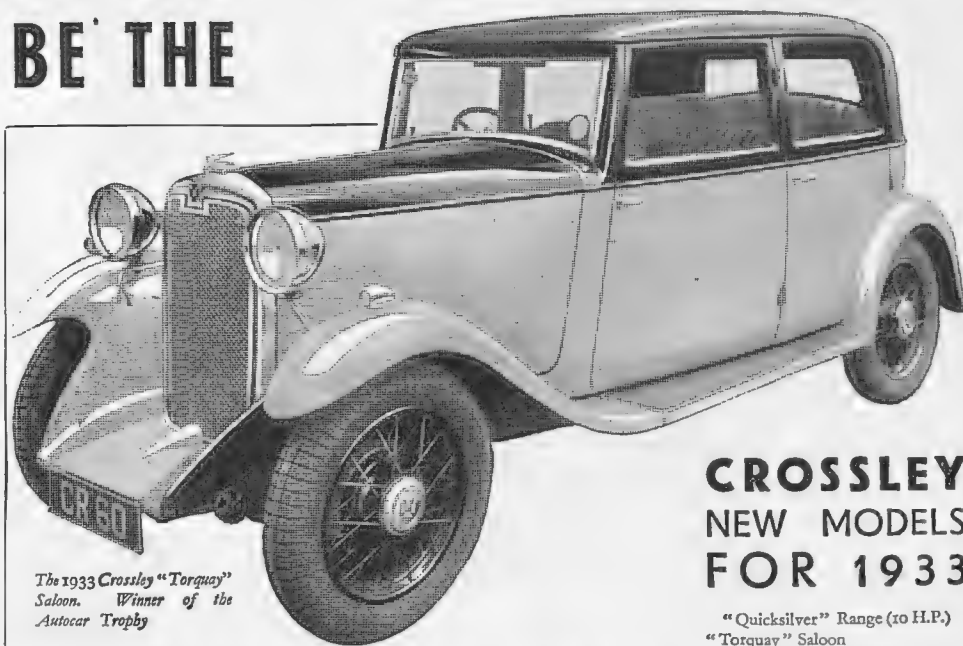
A 20-25-H.P. DAIMLER WITH HOOPER ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE

the fine "Continental" five-passenger saloon which they show on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. Here the idea of simplicity of upkeep is admirably materialized, for all recesses and excrescences have been so reduced that the body affords the maximum ease of cleaning. It has adjustable front seats, a sunshine roof, and a large luggage boot at the back, with rear opening door. Telescopic direction indicators, concealed when not required, are fitted, and are very easily operated by the driver. Another most interesting model is a 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce enclosed limousine, which is black, with white line, and upholstered in West of England cloth.

A third exhibit on the Hooper stand is a magnificent six-seater enclosed limousine on a 25-h.p. Daimler chassis. In addition to these, other examples of Hooper work will be found on the Rolls-Royce and also on the Daimler stands, the body being in each case an enclosed limousine.

● WHAT WILL BE THE OUTSTANDING LIGHT CAR OF 1933?

There is no doubt about it once you have seen the new models of the Crossley Ten! For sheer comfort for driver and passengers alike, for perfection of finish and quality of workmanship there is no light car to compare with the 1933 CROSSLEY TEN. See it and discover for yourself the joy of the finger-light steering, the delightfully silent gear change, the pneumatic upholstery, the spacious ease!



The 1933 Crossley "Torquay"
Saloon. Winner of the
Autocar Trophy

SELF-CHANGING PRE-SELECTIVE GEAR-BOX
(Wilson patent) CAN BE FITTED TO
10 H. P. MODELS AT AN EXTRA COST OF £20

CROSSLEY TEN

SEE THE NEW CROSSLEY TEN AT OLYMPIA, OCTOBER 13-22. STAND 30

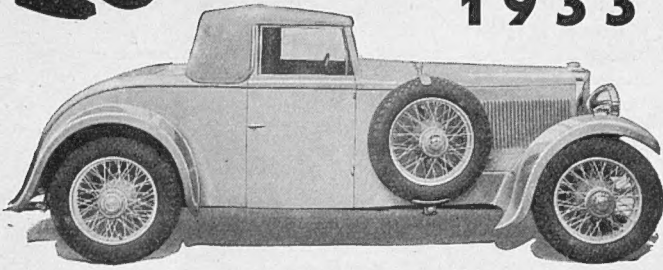
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PASS & JOYCE, LTD., 373-375, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1. SHRIMPTONS MOTORS: 38-39, BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

CROSSLEY NEW MODELS FOR 1933

"Quicksilver" Range (10 H.P.)
"Torquay" Saloon
(with sliding roof) - - £325
"Buxton" Saloon
(with sliding roof) - - £298
Super Sports Open 2-seater - - £350
Super Sports Saloon
including sliding roof - - £385
also the
Silver Crossley (15.7 H.P.) - - £495
Golden Crossley (20.9 H.P.) - - £575
Super Six Limousine - - - £875
Landaulette (7 seater) - - - £895
Other Models from £265
The prices quoted are ex-works.

AC

ACE

CARS FOR
1933

DROP HEAD COUPE, £395

Sportsman's 4-door Saloon also = = = = £395

THE new 16/56 Six Cylinder AC Ace is built by "Enthusiasts for Enthusiasts," giving a genuine road speed of 70 m.p.h. with cruising speed of 55/60 m.p.h., yet silent, effortless and untiring to drive. It is both docile and "LIVELY" and will retain its tune for long periods without attention; economical at all speeds, with a petrol consumption of 22/27 m.p.g. The 4-speed Gear Box with its twin-top is delightful to use, springing possesses just those features for fast cornering, without sacrificing back seat comfort. The steering is light, yet gives a feeling of security, the brakes a sense of perfect safety at all times. Equivalent care and thought have been given to bodywork and passengers' comfort, without sacrificing gracefulness of line.

Ask your local Agent to arrange a demonstration.

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We are exhibiting a full range of AC Models at the Olympia Motor Company's Showrooms immediately opposite Olympia in the Hammersmith Road, AC Cars can therefore be viewed in comfort.



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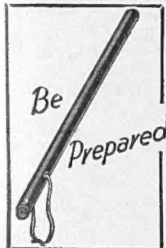
SEE 1933 TRIUMPH CARS on Stand 63

OLYMPIA
OCT. 13th-22nd.

Super Eight Saloon de Luxe £155, Super Nine Saloon de Luxe £189, "Twelve Six" Saloon de Luxe £198, "Southern Cross" Sports £225. Everything you can conceivably require is included. Write for the 1933 Triumph catalogue.

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MOSELEY RUBBER TRUNCHEON lays a man out without mess... 6/-

From Motor Stores or Post Free from—

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Strongly Recommended

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First-class mechanic (ex-Air Force)

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wipes out vibration and reduces wear to a fraction.

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AUTOMATIC CLUTCH
permits you to drive without ever touching the clutch.

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Free Wheel saves petrol
without loss of performance even on the cheapest grades of spirit.

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Easy Change Gear-Box
makes gear changing effortless, smooth and silent and gear crashing an impossibility.

Chryslers

are the ONLY cars which incorporate ALL these outstanding improvements PLUS PROVED DEPENDABILITY. Chrysler owners are satisfied owners. Ask them.

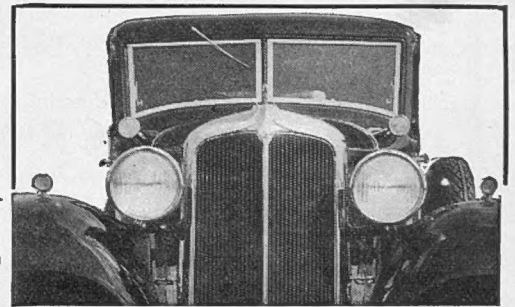
SALOON PRICES FROM

19.8 'Mortlake' 6 £379. 19.8 'Richmond' 6 £425.
25.3 'Kingston' 6 £475. 32 h.p. 'Hurlingham' 8 £795.

Chrysler Motors Limited,
Mortlake Road,
Kew, Surrey.

Phone: Prospect 3456.

OLYMPIA
Stand 22



Ford.

The great Dagenham firm has its own independent exhibition of its products at the White City, and this is very well worth a visit, for it is very comprehensive indeed and thoroughly interesting. One item alone would suffice to make it exceptionally so, namely the "V Eight" model, surely one of the most remarkable standard cars that has ever



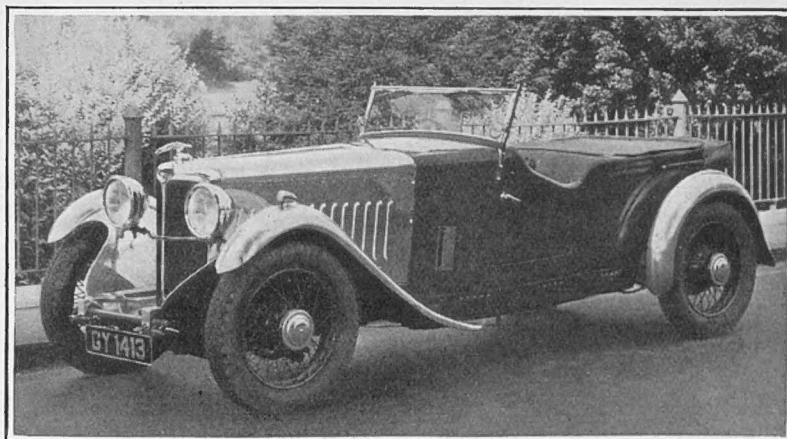
THE NEW FORD FORDOR SALOON

been put on the road. The Tudor saloon costs but £230 complete. It offers a vibrationless 8-cylinder engine of extremely clever design, with fool-proof synchromesh gear-box and a very full specification of extras. Its performance on top gear is anything from 4 m.p.h. up to 76 m.p.h., or even more under favourable conditions. It will, again on top, accelerate from 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. in about 7 secs. It will thus be seen that very few other cars can hope to "live" with it. It is noteworthy that although the engine is rated at £30, a comprehensive insurance policy costs only £12 10s. Moreover, this initially low cost largely neutralizes the tax. Other current Ford models are the new

8-h.p., the 14-h.p., and 24-h.p. fours. In addition, there are the 8- and 12-cylinder Lincolns.

A.C.

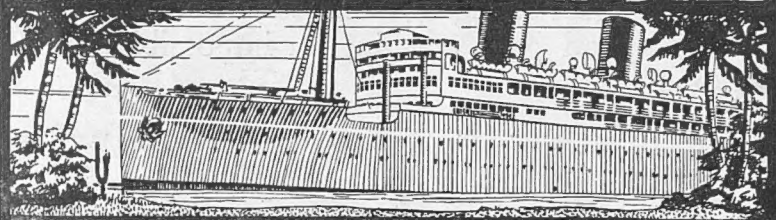
These initials were famous long before the light-car movement started, in which they played a most valuable part, as all "old motorists" will agree. For years they were linked with a bold unconventionality in design. Now it is good to see them associated with something that, whilst more conventional, is right up to date in every respect. The 1933 16-66 h.p. is as striking a two-litre 6-cylinder model as one could wish to examine. It has the chain-driven overhead camshaft engine—with hardened cylinder liners, rubber suspension, vibration damper, etc.—that has long given such a good account of itself. In unit with this is the single-plate clutch and four-speed silent third gear-box. Aft of that is an open propeller shaft and spiral bevel final drive. In modified and "tuned up" form this chassis figures in the 16-66 h.p. sports four-seater,



THE A.C. ACE—16-66-H.P. FOUR-SEATER SPORTS MODEL

a low-built and taking road-craft with speed capabilities approaching the 80 m.p.h. mark. This has a multi-carburettor induction system. One notes with interest that the standard A.C. saloon is built upon the "Silent Travel" principle, with pillarless doors.

A P&O CRUISE to the BRITISH WEST INDIES



by the 20,000-ton turbo-electric VICEROY OF INDIA

Fitted especially for passengers' enjoyment in tropical waters

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In the course of a discussion as to whether gambling is an evil, the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott said (vide the "Daily Sketch," Sept. 19th, 1932): "Someone has given me a fascinating game called the 'Electric Speedway.' On a disc eight motor-bicycles speed round, while coloured lights flicker dizzily before my eyes. Red, blue, green . . . which light will deprive my adversaries of counters? As the lights flicker more slowly we sit enthralled. We have the gambling fever, that is, the thrill. The shops are selling this game to the multitudes who will place halfpence or pence on the squares instead of counters. Will that be wicked—more wicked than risking them on bridge or investing in some risky stock? Need a Christian be illogical? May it not be left to conscience?"

Each day's post brings proof of the growing popularity of Electric Speedway. All classes and all ages are thrilled and delighted with this fascinating game. Whether you play for cash or counters, for large stakes or small, you will find that, like the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott, you are held and enthralled. It is a game of which you will never tire.

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Electric Speedway will prevent any party from proving a "flop."

Price 17/6 from all stores and high-class toy shops. De Luxe model with 12 riders and 2 stake boards, 2 Guineas.

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If any difficulty write to the manufacturers:

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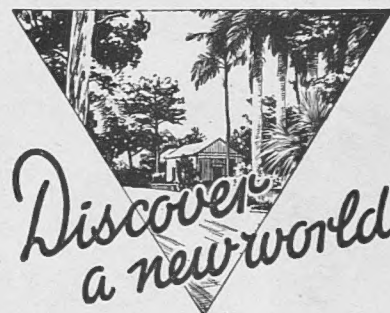
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